M.S.A. ANNUAL PORTFOLIO

1929

DOROTHY CHAMBERS

THE ANNUAL PORTFOLIO

MASSACHUSETTS
SCHOOL OF ART

1929

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THE ANNUAL PORTFOLIO

Pilgrimage

In the week of April 19, 1929, a group of students in an art school in Boston felt a curious vibration of their ear drums. Not all of the student body experienced this sensation, but many of those who did recognized it as the knuckles of Opportunity rapping for attention. They know the sound, these few, and seized the lady by the hand. She spoke through the English teacher, a man whom she had often employed.

He proposed a pilgrimage to America's Holy Land, which was his designation for historic Concord and Lexington. He embroidered the theme. He won his group to the idea, and finally, he held elaborate conferences with the officials of different bus lines and succeeded in chartering an Elevated bus for the day. He was a man of "infinite sagacity," and besides, he had made the trip on foot many times before.

On the morning of the 19th, which was the day of days, the party set out two score strong in the bus, with two trailers driven by people fortunate enough to have cars of their own. The day was fine, with a clearing sky and a fresh, cool wind. Their Guide was in a merry mood, tempered somewhat with that touch of humility which the student feels on approaching the hallowed places of those great scholars of a former day. The presence of his two young sons, manly fellows, yet with all the unrestrained exuberance of young Americans on a holiday, added to the merriment of the party. Their faces shone; their eyes sparkled; their grins from time to time divided their faces into two parts, and at all times they were known to enjoy themselves hugely.

The ride from Boston to Concord is a fair one, and the time passed quickly.

Emerson's home, at ten o'clock in the morning, wore the attitude of a city home at about a quarter to seven. It looked lived in, but it had an air of not having arisen for the day. The wanderers gathered on the front walk and waited while the Guide made arrangements with the gentleman at the door. At length, the door, which had been drawn back cautiously, was hospitably opened wide and the pilgrims crowded in. Without a glance at the semi-dark hall with its wide staircase, they passed into Mr. Emerson's study where they stood tightly jammed together staring at whatever met their eyes. There was a distinct musty smell in the air, as if the house had not been opened since Mr. Emerson passed through the broad front doorway for the last time. From somewhere near the door came the voice of Mr. Hall, the Superintendent of Schools, who had come over especially to help extend the hospitality of Concord. This sound was broken in turn by the voice of Miss Legate, who lived there at the time and kept the house in its original state, even to the position of the furniture. The pilgrims looked about them. They saw the whale oil lamp (which had since been electrified). They saw various relics which Mr. Emerson had brought from Egypt. They saw a whole wall solid with books from floor to ceiling. They crowded closer and scanned the titles, and were elated when they found familiar ones, and appalled at the number which were not familiar. Whenever an authoritative voice dominated the buzz of conversation, all heads jerked smartly in that direction. They listened with their ears. They looked with their eyes, noting the many quaint family pictures on the walls and the rather crowded arrangement of comfortable furniture. They sniffed the musty air and presently slipped on into the next room, all rooms large, high, and square.

Here was the parlor room, the room in which Mr. Emerson entertained and in which all the memorable discussions were held. Here was a more agreeable arrangement of furniture, a long sofa, a piano of a later date, and a sulky fire on the hearth. The pilgrims passed on through the end of the hall on the way to the dining room. Several were captivated by the charms of an ancient rocking horse with miraculously preserved mane and tail. They exclaimed over it with delight as they had not done over Mr. Emerson's books, perhaps from a sense of awe. (Students are not in awe of a rocking horse, even if they *have* never seen it before.)

In the dining room they saw an interesting table composed of two tables placed closely together, these both from the Emerson side of the family, while the other pieces had been brought from Plymouth by Mrs. Emerson. All this they learned from Miss Legate, who was ever a gracious hostess. They stood a bit longer before a photograph of Mr. Carlyle, a rather striking camera study which had been considered daring and unusual when it was made.

Presently the visit was over and they were outside, swarming over the grass, turning to view the house, rushing up and down with cameras, squinting into the box and up at the sun. Here and there, people with pencils and sketch pads, sought to reflect a bit of history, literature, of architecture and scenery, through their own personalities.

The boys, the two young sons, had long since escaped the confines of the house whose wall treasures were yet too ponderous for their eager minds. Some day they would return with their father to experience that thrill which he knew on treading this hallowed ground. This day they knew only the countryside which they had glimpsed on going in. They were discovered by other merry souls who also heard the pipes of Pan, down at the edge of the brook in a field behind the Emerson barn, helping a lone and patient angler to fish. All had deserted the spot, even the angler, before the scattered pilgrims could be assembled for their marching orders.

From there on, the pilgrims were to tramp about the lanes and highways of Concord on foot, with the exception of the occupants of the two trailers. The bus was dismissed till the afternoon. The band filed on, two and four abreast, the front ranks constantly shifting as eager members inadvertently tried to gain a vantage point beside, or within hearing distance of, the Guide. The official cameraman of the party made strides ahead, set up his camera in the walk and snapped the on-coming horde. The destination was the Alcott house. Arrival found it closed, with the curtains tightly drawn. The pilgrims, swept forward, surrounding the house, peering into the few dark windows which had been left uncovered, and calling back and forth to their friends. Murmurs of "Amy, Beth, and Jo," were heard. The house made little response to their advances. It wore the dormant resignation of one whose thoughts look backward. The group swarmed up the grassy

slope to the picturesque School of Philosophy. This building held aloof from the house and sat its grassy pedestal with an air of quiet contemplation. Its windows held a dreamy stare, as if it felt the visitors, but did not deign to see them. They pressed closely and applied themselves thickly to every reachable pane of glass. Within was the same air of temporary idleness, of suspended activity. The benches and chairs were arranged as for a lecture and the chairs around the speaker's table were in that natural disorder which they assume when a lecture is over and the audience comes forward to meet the guest of honor. The pilgrims gazed and speculated. They climbed up behind and found a better view of the hall from the window at the back. Cameras clicked. Talk and laughter stirred the air.

The people became conscious of the steep hill behind them, whose unseen top was like a beckoning hand. They forgot "Little Women" and the School. The voice of the Sage was drowned in the music of Pan's pipes. With one accord they scurried up the rough, steep incline, intent on seeing "the other side of the mountain." At the top was a large, flat field, yellow in the sun. Like juvenile satyrs they capered across its ample expanse. At the far edge they stopped and filled their delighted minds with the substance of a long look across the land. Tree tops pointed up at them from below. Farms nestled in low hills in the distance. Little roads wove in and out. They were closer to the sky than the land below and that was good. The sun was warm. The wind was fresh and cool. They were happy. Just over the brink of the flat plateau, in the rich, coarse, rooty sand, someone turned a stone to the animation of the two boys. Disturbed by the sudden glare and the unaccustomed rush of air, two unusual beetles, whose colors brought forth acclamations from the art students, moved wearily about, a little confused and bewildered, in search of a new abode.

The group straggled back, descending the hill with great furore. Once down, the spirit of the Alcotts won them over and the climb up the ridge along Hawthorne's walk was made in true humility. City bred feet sunk gratefully into the soft carpet of pine. The ears were beguiled by the sound of the wind in the trees. No whisper of spring breezes, this was a Voice speaking aloud in a tongue they could understand.

"Peace," it said.

"Peace and Tranquility. So ye be calm, ye shall know all. Lift up thine eyes to the fair, high hills whence cometh thy help. Nothing in Nature is hurried; be thou the same.

"Peace to the tired heart.

"Peace to the harried brain.

"Peace."

Standing quietly at the foot of the tree which still held in its sturdy arms the unsafe remnants of the bower that Hawthorne built, the little band of pilgrims felt something of reverence and a keen enjoyment in these living evidences of a glorious past. The pipes of Pan grew fainter, surplaced by the music in the trees.

They left the tree reluctantly, regaining their merriment on the rough path down to the Hawthorne house. This, too, was closed, and like the Alcott house, it wore an air of placid sadness, like an old face lingering in the past. The tower, atop the roof, which Mr. Hawthorne had built for use as a sanctuary when bad weather made the tree-house inconvenient, was tightly boarded and gave no evidence of the activity which once justified its presence. The pilgrims assembled behind the hedge while the photographer added to history. This seemed to cheer them, as if they had brightened the old house by their presence instead of intruding in its reverie. The picture over, they disbanded in small groups on their way to the center of the town for lunch.

As they drew nearer, the shrill fife and the muffled staccato of the drum came to them from the distance. Occasionally, the flash of color from a passing flag would catch the eye. There was a feeling of parades about, afar off, always just around the corner. They did not see one, but they knew. They knew also, that they trod hallowed ground, and that theirs was a holy day. That was in the air. They began to feel patriotic. The front ranks paused before the old cemetery to view the town. This was Concord's visiting day and the little center was full of cars. The pilgrims found their number challenged. There were many devout souls in the Holy Lands that day.

Traffic swept by. An ice-cream delivery truck passed, and as it jounced along, Setebos saw and jerked open the door allowing a gallon container to fall into the street. There was a ripple, not wholly devout, among the pilgrims. To a man, they became children again. They slipped between passing cars and brought the coveted carton to the curb. They lifted the lid,—strawberry—full to the brim, firm, cold, pink. A murmer arose, a shout of triumph as they gazed in childish delight and anticipation. The rear guard arrived, and with them, the Guide. No fooling the Guide in any way. The truth came out. He laughed,—and hoped, too, that the cream would not be missed,—but until they were sure that the truck would not return, the creamy surface must not be disturbed. They sighed, and were honest, but whimsical Setebos had heard. They should have feigned indifference. The truck came back. A callous creature thanked them and returned the cream to the car. There was a gentle moan as it disappeared in the refrigerator's gloom. Their pilgrimage was not without Ordeal.

Noon found them scattered, munching fraternally in small groups. Strange places knew their gaiety. Two bright red apples and the chaste column of a quart of milk lent color to the graveyard. The river, winding behind the Old Manse, beheld another group along its banks. Some mistook the quiet anteroom of the Police Station and spent their noon hour on its ample settees. The watering trough knew them through its bubbling fountains, and the drug stores met their numbers in frantic haste. When they had pacified the inner man, they met in the square again and set out for "the rude bridge that arched the flood."

At the Old Manse they found the trailers waiting, and the two boys running about in high spirits. From time to time strangers joined the ranks and listened as the Guide explained and described events which gave each stopping place acclaim. Small boys came, listened for a moment, appraised the two sons, and were gone on more important business of their own which would not wait. Under the Guide's persuasion old occupants lived again. Returned was Pastor Emerson, watching the Battle from his window, storming because he was not there, and for the time, losing his pastoral dignity. Here lived again Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Hawthorne, too.

The little group moved on. The road was lined with cars; Americans born, and Americans made, come to pay homage at their country's birthplace. They passed down the tree-arched lane to the bridge below, pausing before the British grave to read:

"They came three thousand miles and
died
To keep the Past upon its throne;
Unheard, beyond the ocean tide,
Their English Mother made her moan."

Emotion touched them. Something struck in upon their carefree mood, a picture of this war, of other wars, and of the irreparable losses which ensued. Here, in this lane, the English men had formed, their red coats gleaming in the sun. Here, they had marched for the last time under English sky, had fallen not to rise, on foreign soil. In perfect precision they had approached the narrow bridge. As fighting gentlemen they had taken it four abreast, their numbers drawn out in a long, sure target and desperate "rebels," also fighting for a cause, had mown them down.

The bridge, this April morning, arched the flood as of old. High water gave the band a glimpse of how it must have been that day in 1775.

They stood in the little circle just beyond and studied the Minute Man. Their trained minds ran in grooves. They discussed the workmanship; they walked around it to get the effect from different angles; they judged it seriously, as if it had not stood so long and been judged by thousands before them; and they decided that it might remain. Here, also, the Guide spoke to others than his own group, and all who had come to see were eager to hear.

Back through the shady lane they filed, enroute to Sleepy Hollow. The sun smiled on them, the way was long to unaccustomed feet, and in the open valley, the breeze was gentle. At a place where roads took leave of one another, disappearing into the wood or behind the hill, they halted by a vine-covered wall. Before them in a kind of rough semi-circle, flanked by the thick, dark foliage of rhododendron, rose the white beauty of the sculptor's art, the D. C. French Memorial to the Melvin brothers. Its broad recesses invited them, and its low steps offered a resting place. They crowded closer and read the inscriptions which closer inspection disclosed in the floor of the

monument. In this sylvan atmosphere they again assembled for the camera, grouping themselves with accustomed ease.

When they had rested, the Guide led off up the path which dipped and rose, turned a bit, and in its circuitous way, brought them finally, single file, to the crest of the hill where is the Holiest Ground. On this ridge in magnificent solitude is the last resting place of the great ones, the Emersons, Thoreaus, Hawthornes, Alcotts. Before the Emerson lot the little caravan halted. Beyond the tiny square the land dropped sharply off to the valley below. Here one might gaze for miles, the strength of the wind in his face; here one might sleep for an aeon, its susurrus his slumber song. Through the tall trees the wind spoke to them now, in its strong, fierce way, wrapping their bodies in coolness, touching them with a sudden, clean cold. It sang in their ears of the great ones, and the Guide answered back in words.

The pilgrim band moved on. The path led down in an erratic course which took them past the lovely, laurel-covered place where rests Thoreau, and by the other two, so that they found the old friends, as in life, gathered together.

Back in the sunny street, they felt the difference, less of the wind, and more of mortal folk. They marched along in jovial haste, atuned once more to present century life. At the center, they made a final visit to the fountain and assembled on the friendly seats about a tall old Concord elm to 'wait the bus. Here there was some miscalculation and the bus came not. They waited quietly, glad of a chance to rest, while the Guide went forth on foot to find their errant steed. The tag-end of a lost parade approached and disbanded, loosing half a hundred Boy Scouts in the square. The Guide returned with a perplexed look and no news. The pilgrims were amused. It was pleasant in the sun, let the bus delay; but then it came! The driver offered an excuse and they scrambled in. Bumpily they trundled over the rough road to Walden Pond where they poured out again before a flourishing wayside stand.

The Guide led off through the wood. They missed the path, but they could not lose the way. The Cairn was like a beacon burning. Straight on they came, in a snake-line line undulating over the rolling ground. A shout from the discoverers broke the line. From the crest of a little rise, they descended around the Cairn like a primitive tribe. Weather, and the sad work of unknowing hands had laid it low. Its original spire-like quality was gone. In unbeautiful array, it squatted comfortably in a leafy clearing, where, from its spire it must have gazed upon the lake. Still, it was dear to them. Even in its placidity was something of Thoreau. It marked the place where he had lived, and learned. Its content was his content. It knew the things he knew. It looked on the same scenes; it dwelt in the same place. Had it been so they could, the pilgrims would have fallen to work and with their own hands restored it to its former shape. Gladly they would have raised its spire again, given it grace, but time for them was short. Much had they seen and done, and there was more to do. They went down to the pond and scanned its shores. They dipped their fingers at its edge and tried to imagine the echo of the loon across its surface. And very fervently a little few, with a pebble in each hand, because other devout souls before them had gleaned the shore at that point of sizeable stones, returned to the Cairn and deposited their gifts as all good followers should. So the Cairn grew, and so it grows, generously fed with small fry now where boulders were before.

Reluctantly they left. The woods were sweet that afternoon. Their city noses sniffed the air in bliss. They lost the path again and this time it stayed lost. The road could not call them as the Cairn could. They plunged through the underbrush tearing their stockings, whipping their faces on back-swinging branches. The sun, looking down, saw them, a scattered herd of little creatures, stumbling along, calling to each other, stopping to crush the dry sweet-fern in their hands, pinning it to their coats, sniffing it joyously. The sun smiled, and when they regained the road with their shoes full of pebbles and twigs, they felt their skins burning and looked anxiously at their noses in the glass at the front of the bus.

So they rode on to Lexington, conscious of the sun's work but happy. Over endless rises they climbed past fair farms and spreading country homes. Even as their city feet had felt the change, so did the bus, for it was city-bred too. Accustomed to the even pavements, it wrestled valiantly with country hills which threatened defeat, and gradually it gained, but for a time they feared for its good lungs. It had a sorry time. Once up on even ground, they sped along with ease, and found themselves in time, in Lexington.

At the old Tavern, they clustered around the Guide before the door. He told them, in his quiet way, what things they would see, and what had held him most. Then they went in, the better prepared for the experience. In the first room, was a woman whose task it was to enlighten visitors as to the contents of the place. The lady knew her task. Her swift tongue told them all. Their poor heads jerked spasmodically, now to the shutters, now to the old Dutch tiles over the fireplace, back to the pictures on the wall, rested for a moment while the history of these was recounted, and then rotated agilely as they read the inscription on the banner which encompassed the room at the top. This last, which had been used on the occasion of Lafayette's second visit to America in 1824, brought prickles of appreciation to their spines. "Welcome, Lafayette, to the birthplace of American liberty."

They were allowed to go where they would, so long as they kept moving. In the next room they found an endless assortment of colonial accessories, lanterns, candle molds, tools, arms, etc. They passed through a tiny room which had been someone's study, into an annex in which were kept the most valuable relics. Here, they saw, behind glass doors, the drum which beat the stirring call at the battle of . Here, too, were diaries and other letters in fine colonial script, which the more ambitious gamely tried to read. There were old uniforms, elaborately embroidered vests, and a three-cornered hat. This room held them the longest although it had more of a museum atmosphere than the room before. At last they went on, through a bedroom with an old chintz-covered, canopied four-poster in which John Hancock, according to the label, did not sleep. Upstairs were other bedrooms and a kind of attic in which they found a large loom, spinning gear, and several wooden cradles, some of such unusual size that they wondered if babies of old were larger than in their later day.

There was a need now to hurry; the Boston Elevated Bus was Boston bound; their day would soon be done. They went directly to the Green. In a sea of grass stood the Minute Man, guarding the emblems of the first Thirteen. A stiff breez flung them out and the sun sparkled on their folds. Like jewels they flashed against the white and the green. The pilgrims scuttled under the rope and came up inside the circle of flags. On the walk before the Minute Man they stopped and read the inscription on the base. They noticed especially the familiar old American names which appeared there, and also the church at the left expressing in its simple spire, the faith of their forefathers. A stranger joined the group, and went away the richer for his staying. Children came past, playing at tag between the flag sticks. The sun was slipping lower. With a last gaze at the festive little Green, the pilgrims turned their backs on a memorable day; but hovering above the commonplace to which they would return was the magic path of memory, and even as it ended, the journey was re-begun.

Concord Revisited

Music in the tall trees,
Wind among the boughs,
Like the sound of high seas
Crashing from steep prows.

Music in the high trees,
Country fields laid wide,
Like the silent smooth seas,
When the gray gulls glide.

Music in the high trees,
The tempest roars, is gone,
Space reminiscent breathes
Great spirits passing on.

H. L. F.

The E. A. A. Convention

New York,—great! Time granted by school,—marvelous! Family permission, —best yet! That's what comes of being a "teacher-trainer"; now will you other classmen look down on us with indifference and disdain? We may not be far removed from animal trainers, but we have our good points and our good times; wait and read.

Being eligible to join the Eastern Arts Association, and attending its convention is one of the high-lights of our professional careers, especially when that convention is held in New York, with headquarters at the Pennsylvania Hotel.

Out of a possible nine in our class, only four succeeded in making the trip. Our class president did nobly. From what we hear of his tours through Brooklyn and Coney Island at -?- A. M. and his hikes and swims at Bear Mountain, we judge he was much too busy to miss anything or anybody.

The convention itself was most enlightening, as well as enjoyable. It made us feel quite proud to see our own Mr. Farnum among the celebrities, and made us feel quite at home, or maybe, at school, to see Miss Phillips and our "other Mother," Miss Whittier, there too. If anyone felt lost, her cheery smile was reassuring. Dr. Vaughn was also present for two days. The discovery that she was going to be there saved the stay-at-homes a dreaded quizz.

It would be impossible to recall all that we heard at the convention. Perhaps just the impressions or thoughts which still seem to linger in our minds because of their newness or value will be sufficient. It is quite unnecessary to say that we heard many exceptionally fine speakers; men of power in industry, art, and education. It should be mentioned, also, that we heard women too, of equal excellence in their lines of endeavor.

Supplementing the lectures were excursions to different exhibitions of art work in the schools and colleges of New York, the Art Centre, the Metropolitan Museum, and the Museum of Natural History. None of us could possibly visit all the exhibits that were open to the E. A. A. Convention members, but we were given a certain amount of free time on our programs in which we could select what we most wished to see, and we were taken to those places by bus.

If there is one thing that I took away with me (besides free samples) it was a much broader and more optimistic idea of the modern trend in art, especially as regards art education in the public schools. I do not mean that all the "ists" and "isms" are accepted blindly, but they are recognized in so far as they seem to tie up definitely with modern life and activity. A child that is brought up in the noisy, restless, speedy, grasping atmosphere of today cannot help but be a part of that life, and it will be reflected in his creative work. To discourage evidences of skyscrapers, airplanes, jazz, and unrest, is to make him live one life and depict another, and to do this is damaging to both. The problem is to allow the symbols or evidences of the age to come from him as he feels them to be, then, by training, show him how to make those things with which he is familiar, beautiful. This is where the study of ancient and classic art should come in to aid the student in his judgment of what is best for art's sake, and for the sake of utility and appropriateness. It is bringing art up to the times and making it serve us in our life, instead of making it something apart.

That is what I gathered from the lectures, but the exhibitions told another very interesting and significant story. They showed, for the most part, a well-organized system for carrying on the fundamental principles of art in design, crafts, painting, sculpture, and drawing. However, there was one very important exhibition in the Museum of Natural History which seemed to me to contradict much of what the lectures had led me to believe. Here, the work was extreme in every respect, in drawing, proportion, color, modernism, cubism and every other "ism." It was not pleasing or encouraging to me, but perhaps I am conservative in my views; I come from a conservative city. There may have been some purpose behind it; perhaps it was an experiment. It looked like the doom of Art to me. It might be compared to the work of some of the most independent of the Independents who exhibit at The Barn on Joy Street. I am interested to know how this exhibition affected the teachers who saw it.

At the Get-Together luncheon at the Pennsylvania Hotel the third day of the convention, we saw another interesting and very different type of exhibition. Students from the Art Centre were present, and during the course of events, one of the men at the head table was invited to name any subject he wished and these students would do their best to portray it in twenty minutes.

At the end of the twenty minutes, they marched in, holding their paintings, still dripping, before them. This was a very stimulating and wholesome exhibition. The subject was "Spring," (it was fair and warm that day) and there was no difficulty in discovering Spring in their work. These children were a talented group ranging from seven to eighteen years, and their work was more than inspirational.

The final event of the convention was the annual banquet and dance, and a beautiful affair it was. The grand ballroom of the hotel was decorated with flags, flowers for each member with their place cards at the tables, exquisite evening gowns which reflected the training and tastes of the wearers, and an orchestra that almost made you forget your name.

Now we are all home, have recovered our names, lost our money, and found inspiration. All we want is to go back again,—but how? Of course, the convention did not occupy our entire time in New York. What a kick we get to be able to say of a certain show which has just come to Boston, "Oh, yes, I saw that when it was playing in New York." There's nothing like it!

I think, however, we all agreed that we'd prefer to live in Boston and visit in New York. Now we've seen the town and had time to recuperate, when do we go again?

VIRGINIA STARBIRD.

Sculptural Decorations for The New School

Those of our descendents who are privileged to witness the new art school in the full glory of its completion should be especially interested in the sculptural decorations now being executed by students of the old, original M. S. A. under the direction of Mr. Porter.

The decorative scheme being used was designed by Mr. Porter and may be divided into two parts.

Surmounting the higher buttresses of the central tower are six colossal heads typifying six attributes of art. From left to right as one faces the tower they are as follows:

Truth, with level eyes and seemingly from the same mold as Beauty, who balances her on the far side of the tower, except that Beauty is of a more stylized form;

Power, a man of dominant mien and impressive intellectual force;

Inspiration, with brooding eyes and winged brow; Mysticism, a head from the Orient, the mother of mysticism, a striking cobra suggests the sinister and lower form of imagination;

Humor, a faun-like and joyous head with a touch of the whimsical and even the malicious.

The second part of the decorative scheme consists of a group of gargoyle-like figures crowning the lower range of buttresses that surround the building. These figures are whimsical portraits of the gentlemen of the faculty. Each clutches in his hands a symbol in keeping with his personal tastes or abilities. For example, Mr. Dallin holds an Indian mask, Mr. Andrew a skull, Mr. Hoadley a swastika, and Mr. Farnum the fasces of authority.

A design utilizing a winged globe is being used to contrast and balance these grotesques.

Early in the year a series of seated figures symbolizing the major activities of the school was designed and executed in one-quarter scale. These studies represented sculpture, architecture, painting, design, drama, and knowledge. It was found, however, that the supporting buttresses would be too small to accommodate these figures, and it is now planned to employ them in the interior decoration of the building.

Among the students whose work is to be perpetuated for the admiration of future inhabitants of M. S. A. are the following: Paul Winters, Eleanor Wilder, Helene Dauphinee, Eda Earle, Robert Amendola, and Stephen Yoeobowski of the modeling department; John Phelps, Jeanne Harper, Roger Wolcott, Parker Lord, and Paul Quinn, members of the Sophomore class; Ernest Halberstadt, a Freshman; and Dorothy Thurlow and Lillian Burgoyne, alumnae.

Thoreau

Out of the earth as a tree or stone,
Hale from its tempests of wind and of rain,
Warmed to the heart by the life-giving sun,
Rugged as soil, he came.

Winds rushing by in the firs, over fields,
Wrinkling the smoothness of water still;
Winds rushing by took his face in their span,
Shaping it to their will.

Silences, circling all earth in their hold,
Gripping the land when the air was dim!
Silences after the voices of fields
Made a vast stillness in him.

Spacing of trees, the bending of grass,
The wonder life hid to careless eye:
These caught his vision. He held as the pond
The trees, the infinite sky.

H. L. F.

Fate

"Poppycock!" Waring's crisp, clipped accents broke in upon the speaker's measured tones.

Munsell thus addressed, smiled tolerantly at the interruption. He was by nature a tolerant soul, a distinguished scholar, a professor of philosophy, a recognized leader in his field. He glanced speculatively about the little group gathered in a corner of the club lounge. It was a small but distinguished assemblage. There was Steele the great industrialist, Thayer the physicist, Obermann the author, and lastly Waring. Waring, whose name was one to conjure with in the field of science, whose experiments and research had gained him international fame. His cold grey eyes now rested on Munsell as impersonally and searchingly as they customarily regarded protoplasms through a high-powered microscope.

Munsell met their gaze with a slow, humorous smile. "You deny then the existence of Fate as a distinct factor, a personal force in life?"

"Absolutely! To believe in Fate, my dear Munsell, is to attribute things to chance, to accidental occurrence. Such a belief cannot be reconciled with the tenets of science. We scientists know that life is governed by the operation of natural, fundamental laws. Fate has no place in a rational scheme of things, in an ordered universe such as ours. I repeat my assertion that a belief in Fate as a governing factor in life is poppycock. There is no such thing as Fate!"

Waring's challenging glance swept the group a moment and then as no one replied he arose, and nodding a brief good-night, left the room. As he stepped out to his waiting car Waring noticed that rain had begun to fall and that the pavements were already shining wet. It would be slow driving in the city traffic but once outside he could gain time. He ground to a stop at a red light, and glanced impatiently at the dash clock, fretting at the momentary delay. He disliked to have his orderly plans upset by small annoyances, particularly when a matter of importance was involved. Tonight the final computations on his new formula must be revised so that in the morning all might be ready for the final stage of his great experiment. Already it was practically completed. He had worked long and zealously, and now the outcome was no longer in doubt. It needed but a final checking over. Tomorrow it would be completed, and he, Waring, would be in possession of the answer to that long sought enigma, the secret of life. Many before him had sought for it in vain, but he would succeed where they had failed. Everything was in readiness, and he alone possessed the key to unlock the hidden chamber. Waring smiled grimly. Yes, he had guarded the experiment well and no one in the world suspected that he was on the verge of the stupendous revelation. Well, the world would find out after tomorrow, and what acclaim, what tremendous power would be his. He would have the world literally in the hollow of his hand.

He had now reached the outskirts of the city, and in obedience to his touch the powerful car leaped forward in a burst of speed. Waring noted with satisfaction the deep-throated roar of the motor, vibrant like a thing alive.

Some poet one time had written of, "The cool impassioned beauty of a great machine." Waring liked that phrase. How applicable to life itself. For after all life was like a cool, impassioned machine, governed by certain laws, just as a machine operated upon certain laws of physics. It was all so ordered and scientific when one really saw clearly, and yet incurable, fanciful dreamers like old Munsell talked about the influence of Fate, of how human beings were directed by chance. It was just a weak excuse for failure, this attributing things to an obscure power called Fate. Well he, Waring, needed no such excuse, he would not fail through the interference of Fate. Life was not like that, it was a thing of order and law, test tubes and retorts, and tomorrow he would have the proof.

He drove his foot triumphantly down upon the throttle and the car roared up the steep hill. To the right beyond the wooded guard rail the hill dropped sharply to the floor of a deep rock ravine. Waring's eyes followed the fence curving up into the darkness like a white snake. Then his glance dropped to the dash clock. Five minutes and he would be home.

Two glaring lights swept toward him around the curve ahead. Two lights that rapidly became four lights entwined, and then a holocaust of light, writhing steel—and twisted flame. For an instant it flared in the night and then all became lost in the deeper blackness of the valley two hundred feet below.

K. H. B.

High-lights in the Year's Assemblies

I feel a bit like O. O. McIntire when he began reviewing the Stage of Life. As he so aptly says, "These are only my ideas, those of a common layman, no critic's words of wisdom."

Knowing Tomi as well as we do, made Mrs. Tomita's talk on Japan, just before Christmas, most interesting. Her little human, intimate glimpses told us more of Japan than any number of instructive articles. Mrs. Tomita made us see Japan as a neighbor and not as a strangely alien nation, as far from us in thought as in miles and customs.

In striking contrast to the December 12 Assembly, came that of January 9, given by the girls from the Costume Course, who spent eight thrilling weeks amongst lace and furbelows, movie stars and celebrities, to the tune of sewing machines and arrogant fitters in New York. All the girls were enthusiastic over their experience and all brought home something new.

Of course, of all the assemblies, Gordon Reynolds' on February 13 gave me the most pleasure, because I could follow him in retrospect to almost all the places he visited. Of course, being a man, he outrode and out-walked me. He got the real spirit of Western joy in life out there and brought it back to us.

On March 20, Ted Bradley gave us a very enjoyable hour with himself and his pupils of the dance. Ted utilizes his type wisely in the dashing, romantic type of dance. Even better than his Hungarian number was his Indian solo. If you have really seen the American Indian in one of his ritual dances, you can more readily appreciate the artistry of Ted's interpretation. It was virile, and vital, and truly sincere.

A cheerful soul is Mr. Whiting, of the Herald; he tells humorous hits on himself and others with a straight face but twinkling eye. His intimate glimpses of some of our political leaders, and of politics in general, held us clapping for more even after twelve o'clock,—the real test!

On April 3, our own Elmer Hall came in and gave us, not only an interesting and amusing talk, but some sane advice and inside information about the theatre and the problems that confront its people. Despite the wet climax, following the submarine story, it was a most successful morning.

We are still hoping that Mr. Minot felt no offence at being greeted on his late arrival by a burst of song entitled, most aptly, "Oh, Where is John?" His list of hasty reviews made us wish he could have stayed over-time, but even literary editors get hungry and he left us on the crest of interest crying for more.

Our Assembly with the Noyes School of Rhythm representatives proved highly entertaining. Some of our members have visited the Noyes School and tried a few capers for themselves. They report a good time, and that we may easily believe.

Signing off,

Peggy Flexner.

The Plumbline

The Green Moon
by
Vera, the Vers Libre Versifier

I peek through the knot-hole
In my daddy's wooden leg
And wonder why
They built the shore
So close to the ocean
And why they cut the sleeves
Off daddy's vest
And dug up Fido's bones
To make a sewer.

Famous Failures

The man who opened a Gift Shop in Edinburgh.

Nature

Oh see the leaves upon the tree
That is where they ought to be
Whether they be foul or fair
Papa did not put them there.

S. H.

Utopia Realized

New School Promises Much in Way of Improvements

Many new features contributing to the comfort and enjoyment of the students will be incorporated in the new school, according to O. I. Fumigate, superintendent of construction in an exclusive interview with the Plumber.

"We hope to give the students a better break," said Fumigate, "and introduce conveniences that will tend to brighten their few leisure moments. For example, the stair treads will be finished in overstuffed leather enabling students to sit on the stairs for longer intervals than are possible at present. The wooden and iron treads now employed become irksome after a period of half an hour or so and students become tired out from walking about in search of a comfortable seat. With these new leather stairs bigger and better rest periods will be possible.

"Another novelty will be the new drinking fountains. These will come in assorted flavors and have special musical attachments that play harmonious and uplifting tunes when the handle is turned. Think how inspiring it will be to inhale a lemon and lime to the air of 'That's My Weakness Now,' or perhaps a chocolate malted while the fountain plays 'I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby'."

Having learned these pertinent and hitherto unrevealed facts about the new building, the Plumber sought expert opinion on the character of the building site. He succeeded in obtaining the following statement from Epaminondous Formaldehyde, Royal Blue Line driver and an authority on sites. Said Formaldehyde, "In the pursuance of professional duties, I recently passed the future location of your new school and I must say that I've never seen a better dump."

Assemblies You Should Not Miss

July 18

Gordon MacTavish Reynolds, noted traveler, author of **Westward Whole, Across Salt Lake in a Prairie Schooner,** etc., will lecture on Our National Wonders—Blonde and Brunette.

August 3

M. Walker Burbank, chief electrician of M. S. A., will talk on "How I Put Transformers in the Northern Lights or Midnight Frolics with Aurora Borealis."

Ave Atque Vale

The current spasm represents the last appearance of the Plumbline. This is our curtain speech, our swan song. If some of you have gleaned an occasional chuckle from this page, a momentary glow of pleasure perhaps, then we have not plumbed in vain.

K. H. B.—The Plumber.

An Interview With Rabbi Dr. Harry Levi

"Young lady to see you, Dr. Levi."

"I'll be down in a moment," came the voice so familiar to hundreds of radio fans.

I was thankful for the moment which gave me ample time to observe my surroundings. The very simplicity of the room seemed to tell of the greatness of the man, himself.

The Rabbi began, in his calm and reserved manner, to speak of his work at Temple Israel, work which well qualifies him as an exceptionally interesting speaker for our commencement exercises.

"The majority of people," he said, "think of Art only as a painting which is hung in a museum. They do not make it a part of their lives."

Dr. Levi has organized classes at the Temple in which people, both adults and children, may study painting, sculpture, wood carving, drama, and music. These students are being given a chance to understand and appreciate Art, to become more intimate with it, to express themselves, and to develop their talents. Their organizer and director spoke with pride of the fine showing which some of these people made in a recent exhibition at 40 Joy Street. Many prominent men have spoken at their class meetings, including our own Mr. Farnum.

The Rabbi spoke of the absence of plastic art in the synagogues.

"The early, Orthodox Jews did not realize that there might be painting in the Synagogue other than a representation of the image of God. You see, the second Hebrew Commandment, 'Thou shalt have no other God before thee,' led them to disapprove of all plastic Art. Therefore there are no early Jewish painters of repute. Our people in the past have done more in drama and music than in painting. Today we know that there is a place in the Temple for Art, and that it need not take the form of a representation of God."

Dr. Levi has appointed an Art Board, composed of men who have had definite art training and who are competent to judge all art work done for the Temple.

I asked the Rabbi the subject of his talk for Commencement.

"I do not plan my talks," he told me, "but it will probably have something to do with the relation of Art to our daily lives."

E. S. A.

The Bridgewater Murals

This year the project of painting mural decorations for Bridgewater Normal School is being completed. For the past two years, members of the Senior Drawing and Painting classes have been carrying on the work under the supervision of Mr. Andrew.

For the subject of the murals Mr. Andrew planned a unified series of panels embodying the idea of general education. Each of the five panels expresses a landmark in the history of education. Classical, Medieval, and Hebrew education are depicted. The central panel pictures Horace Mann, the founder of the Bridgewater Normal School, and his first graduating class of three girls. In the fifth panel, the first public school in America, which was maintained in Dedham, is shown.

There was also space in the auditorium for ten small panels, and these, Mr. Andrew planned to be painted in gray monochrome, and to represent the Nine Muses. The tenth panel will represent the figures of Painting and Architecture, leaving space for an inscription. (This tablet, no doubt, will give honor where honor is due—to Mr. Farnum, as director of the project for the school, and to Mr. Andrew, supervisor of the work. It will also give the name of each student whose work is represented in the decorations.)

The decorations progressed so well the first year, and last year, that there were only five of the small panels left for this year's class to undertake. Erato, the Muse of Lyric Poetry, is by Arthur Corsini; the Muse of History is by Edward Menges; the Muse of Religious Poetry by Rachel Clapp; and Calliope, the Muse of Epic Poetry, by Lincoln Levinson. To Ralph Shepherd was intrusted the Inscription Panel.

The painting of these murals has given an opportunity not often open to the art student. This opportunity being recognized and appreciated, the project was undertaken seriously, and each panel represents the finest and most sincere work of which each student is capable.

Appreciation

To those "extra" people, who have had such a large part in the making of **The Vignette** this year, and who have "done their chores" so cheerfully, we want to express our appreciation. Their work has been as important as that of the regular staff, and the staff is grateful to them for the fine spirit with which they have contributed.

Mr. Porter and Mr. Brewster have given us splendid articles, and Mr. Brewster has been very kind in loaning us interesting cuts.

We have tried to maintain a certain standard, and if we have succeeded at all, it has been through Mr. Jamison's unfailing willingness to help. He has kept us from excesses and encouraged our best efforts. We are deeply grateful for this year of work with him.

EDITORIAL

DORIS WHITTAKER, *Editor*

Editorial Staff

M. ROOT K. GILLETTE
E. DURGIN K. BARTON

Class Editors

N. SMITH D. HUNTER
M. OLIVER L. GIFFORD

Sandburg

"People vs. Ford Hall"

5:30 P. M. A cool, unhurried walk across the Common, the lack of haste soon to be regretted, for after standing in line over an hour the doors finally opened, admitted a horde of people who were fortunate enough to gain a seat, and he, who had but recently sauntered across the Common—was confronted with these words, which seemed to leer and gloat from the placard upon which the dreaded letters were all too evident: "STANDING ROOM ONLY!" At last, inside the immortal gates, "Silver collection, please," the self-conscious Art student laid his quarter to rest amongst the numerous dimes deposited by his more brazen brethren.

He had regained only partial consciousness when a paper was thrust in his hands and he was asked to lift his voice with the rest of the multitude and carol forth sweet moan with a voice for many years a topic for discussion amongst his fellows. Added to this, numerous elbows prodding him under the seventh rib (note Pre-Rephaelite description), and in other and sundry locations on the anatomy, was not at all conducive to the proper control of the larynx. However, the scribe moved his lips in the accepted fashion,—and those assembled held their rage in check.

The Bedlam increased until it became, to the uninitiated ear, a jumbled, chaotic cacophony of sound: "Wa-ay down upon the Su-wan-eeee rivuh!" "Silver collection, please!" "My! Isn't it close in here?" "Close? Yeh! All we need is a little olive oil an' a fancy label!" "Say! would ya' kindly—" "Silver collection, please!" "No, madam, there are no seats!" "Which one of them is Sandburg?" "Yes? No? Why? "I wonder how hot it really is?" And ever and anon, ringing triumphantly above the assorted clamor came the insistent tenor, "Silver collection, please!"

Even "Jingle Bells" did little to relieve the oppressing heat. One thought of "Frigidaire" and Coué and wondered how it would feel to pass out and be carried feet-first through those hard-won doors, beyond which was good air,—fresh air—COOL AIR! "No! Don't think! Makes your head feel queer! Bad stuff—stifling! Carry on! Sandburg'll soon be here!"

At last, a gray-haired, homely man stumbled awkwardly to the center of the stage. From all outward appearances he was a rather colorless person, save for the manner in which he affected his hair. This was Sandburg. It seemed almost impossible to see in this man the champion of free verse, the soldier, editor, correspondent, biographer, vagabond, and poet.

Sandburg, after listening uncomfortably to the chairman who, with pompous abdomen and frock coat much in evidence, stood imploring the people to recognize both his and Sandburg's greatness, rose, and in a dry, inimicable manner, began to acquaint his super-heated audience with his subject. He proceeded to read some thirty-eight original definitions of poetry.

"Poetry," drawled Sandburg, "is the journal of a sea animal living on land, wanting to fly in the air."

"Or," he continued, deliberately, "poetry is a synthesis of hyacinths—and biscuits!"

In defining poetry, Sandburg explained that the plow was once an effective poetic symbol, but it is now being replaced by a tractor. He claimed that it is as useless for modern poetry to affect a classical guise as it is for a Waldorf roll to masquerade as the loaf that the raven brought Elijah. Both the old and the new have their place,—the *right* place. Chariot races were quite the thing at Antioch, but one never sees a chariot on Newbury Street.

The poet read selections from his latest publication, Good Morning America, in which he says,

"Behold the proverbs of a people, a nation:

There's one born every minute!
Keep off the grass!
Watch your step!
Don't park here!
Keep your shirt on!
Ten cents apiece, three for a quarter!"

A man of infinite variety; he then produced a guitar and crooned a repertoire of American folk-songs, "songs," he explained, "of the people."

All too soon, he concluded and the Forum began. It was immediately suggested, and the suggestion was applauded right lustily, that Sandburg continue, and the Forum be dispensed with. Unhappily, this motion was not carried, but Sandburg's imperturbable nature and dry humor showed to tremendous advantage in the Forum that followed. His calm self-restraint was an armor against both the subtle and obvious insults fired at him, and his caustic wit proved an effective lance.

When asked if he had a new Lincoln anecdote, he replied that Lincoln once entertained a number of the fashionable set at the White House, one, a woman of exceptional girth, who promptly sat and spread herself upon Lincoln's new beaver hat. Some minutes later the ponderous creature arose, and Lincoln, looking ruefully at the remains, addressed her in this fashion,

"I could have told you, Madam, before you sat down, that it wouldn't fit you!"

The impression that one first received of this biographer of Lincoln, was now quite definitely conveyed. Through his intense and sincere study he seems to have absorbed the very spirit of the Emancipator, this other queer man, Sandburg.

PAUL QUINN.

Around the Galleries

With a sudden strong noise, the sun rose out of China, the temple bells were ringing in my ears, and a grinning crocodile leered at me from the corner of the room. No, all this commotion was not due to the after-effects of the night before. It was merely an intoxicating illusion aroused by the pictures of India and Palestine, by Ruth Coleman. They were on exhibition at the Vose, and were unique, unusual, quite different. In fact, I liked them awfully. They were done in flat areas of water color on soft, porous paper which gave them the effect of block prints. They were a striking example of design and color, and the picturesque subjects made them quite unforgettable.

"On the Shore of Galilee" was a design in blues and grey-purple of a Biblical shepherd strolling thru the wilderness with his shepherd's pipe and his dog beside him.

A humorous donkey with a pale purple hide amiably carries a young Israelite in "Jerusalem Boy on Donkey."

"Hindu Women Water Carriers" has in the foreground a number of Burmah girls such as the one in Kipling's verse. Their faces are the original sun-tan hue, and their petticoats are the traditional yellow and green with red and blue stripes. Each carries a green water jar poised upon her hip. The temple bells are no joke. You can really hear them now. Miss Coleman ought to do the designs for a new edition of Kipling, for her sketches exhale that same powerful feeling of the atmosphere of India that we find in "Kim" and the "Jungle Books."

This collection was in the small room at the Vose. The display in the main gallery was almost as good. The two exhibitions made a League of Nations as

far as the subjects were concerned for the large room was filled with oils and water colors of German castles, Italian and French streets and houses, bits of the canals of Venice, and of the English seacoast. The artist, Leonard Richmond, treats his picturesque subjects decoratively and his colors are clear and fresh. The water colors in particular are transparent and very "water-colory."

"Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire, England" is a grey pile upon a dark hill lightened in one spot where the sun strikes the green grass. "The River Doubs, Besancon, France" has a fragile and spotless quality with its pale blues and faint shades of yellow. In "Lakes in the Clouds," two cups of clear green-blue water are caught in the hollows of the gloomy hills. Among the oils were, "The Entrance to the Bequinage," a still, white street, barred with shadows, and on either side high, steep-gabled houses roofed with orange shingles. "The Golden Sands of Dinard, Brittany" captured me by its melodious title. I don't remember the picture, itself.

At Messrs. Doll and Richards' there has been a group of sculptures by Edgardo Simone, mostly portrait heads. There was a woman's figure emerging from the rough marble in an interesting pose. It was called Inspiration Musicale, and was intended for a fountain. "Prayer" is a subdued bust of a madonna-like person, whose meek, slim hands are upraised on either side of her head.

The Boston Art Club put on a large and varied show of prints, including etchings, dry-points and wood-blocks which are nearly all beautifully designed and worth studying for their technical beauty alone. The first one that attracted my eye as I entered, (probably because it resembled a costume sketch) was an etching of a foreign-appearing woman, very likely a Russian, judging from the number of syllables in the artist's name. The face was very carefully drawn in detail while the clothing, a printed shawl and skirt were simply suggested with a few lines and a surface pattern. The contrast between the finished head and the simply rendered costume made the whole very pleasing.

"Broken Rails" by P. B. Parsons was a dry-point of a rickety rail fence leading up a hill to a tree-shadowed fairy house like the one where the witch lived.

There were several etching of fishermen by Sears Gallagher and a delicate sketch of the dunes and the water, "Sand and Sea," by E. B. Warren.

Near the door were two very lovely etchings of a snow-storm. The solid masses of trees and fence posts were indicated by short broken lines far enough apart to suggest that snowflakes blurred the rest.

One of the best block prints in color is Ernest Watson's, "Day's End"; great dark horses tugging at a plow under a gold and purple sunset. A more striking print, tho' not as beautiful, is the one called "Prayer for the Drowned," a group of women in silhouette, with upflung arms imploring the heavens for mercy.

At the Public Library the result of the annual "House Beautiful" cover contest was shown. Many and varied are the ideas inspired by the word "house," from "moving day" to a futuristic house and garden piled on top of a skyscraper. Moving Day had several versions. In one, the furniture was being neatly packed into a van in the orthodox way, in another, a vagabond fellow lazily drove along the highway with his cuckoo clock and bridge lamp tucked in the back of the wagon.

MARJORIE E. ROOT

A Rhapsody in Blue

At this time of the year it has appeared customary for local seniors to digress on pulling up the stakes, letting out the topsail or wheeling the plane out of the hangar to venture into the blue ether to answer a mysterious urge, the future. The air is teeming with suppressed yearnings, lingering regrets and tearful farewells. Life, take me for what I am! I'm your responsibility now.

Those curling, yellow green tendrils left in the gutter in late April, the forsythia dying in May, the haunting essence of the first roses in June no wonder we suddenly drop all the little strings we are pulling and sit down in the grass.

There is the warmth of the sun, a luring sweetness of opening buds, damp from rain. There is the ground, hard, brown, cracking for a strong little, green spear. There are those wonderful, tough, soaring columns encased in their fibrous, coarse, scale like bark, victors over snow, sleet and icy winter blast. Those waiting trees stand with their emptiness rewarded. They are exultant on every bough.

The air is busy with birds; the sky, clear or massed with the schooners of the wind. A film of green creeps over every dull and hardy shrub.

Late in the day the sun glows low in the sky. The street warm in misty orange light is barred with shadows. There is a faint music of the birds, a rubbing of their feathers as they nest. When the sun comes around the corner, you take your hat off. It lifts your hair, puts cool fingers over your eyes. And when evening setles down, the stir grows quiet in the grass. The first faint piping of the crickets comes from far. In the stillness that dying forsythia looks like a white ghost on the lawn; there's a white moon swiftly skimming the stars.

Deep in the heart of the night, blue branches mingle, make a lattice against gray distance. The pattern of outlines, of objects blurs. Grass, trees, and sky blend, a mist envelops all. There is no earth, only a space and a silence.

HILDA L. FROST.

What Follows?

The Vignette, as a bi-monthly feature, is gone. Long live—what?? Now that the deed is done and a good work has been terminated, what is to be done to fill the space? **It leaves a space.** It is not entirely as if it had never existed. We, who have worked for it, have had faith in it. We believe that it meant something, that it filled some need, even in a trade school.

For two years we have fought to build it up, to make it worthy of an art school, worth the effort that was put into it, worth the paper it was printed on. We have tried to give you timely, interesting articles. When we have been fortunate enough to hear a speaker whose name means something to us all, we have tried to pass our experience along for the enjoyment of those who couldn't go. When we have found things of interest in the theatre, in literature, we have handed them on to you. We have tried to keep you in touch with current exhibitions. We have given you a regular column of humor, **The Plumbline,** lest our magazine become too serious. We have tried to give variety, and we have had faith enough in our work to know that **The Vignette** has not passed out of existence because it was unworthy.

There is a group of people, here, to whom **The Vignette** has been a source of information and enjoyment, people who appreciate the opportunity to contribute to such a paper, and who would like the experience which work of that sort offers. Unfortunately, these people are in the minority. The school owes them such an opportunity as existed in **The Vignette.** They are the people of ability. They are the ones who will feel a loss. They are the ones through whom any expression of the school as a whole must come, and because there is a larger number of people who take no interest in such a form of expression, who do not care one way or the other, these others, who have the ability, and to whom it makes a difference, must be deprived of an opportunity which is their due.

On what ground has **The Vignette** been discontinued? On this, that it was not representative of the school as a whole; that an art school is no place for a literary magazine. Why is this school unable to support a literary magazine? Why should our means of expression be limited to graphic form? Are we blind to other arts than our own? This has become a mere trade school, a place where people come to learn a trade, and where they get just what they come after. If extra things are offered, they feel no obligation to take them. If they do not like them they have the privilege of removing them. Certainly, if an organ of expression is not serving its purpose adequately, there is no question that it should be made to do so, but to destroy a good work and to offer no substitute, nothing to fill the gap, that is something entirely different.

I question the right of any majority to vote out an institution which has no greater fault than that of shooting over their heads, and which, for others, has proven a source of stimulation and enjoyment, an educational feature which they desire and appreciate. The majority vote may be a democratic feature, but it is not always the best move for a school as disorganized as this is.

D. W.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Faculty

Class of 1929

Class of 1930

Class of 1931

Class of 1932

Organizations

ROYAL B. FARNUM
10 Prospect Terrace, Newtonville

ELLA MUNSTERBERG

36 Cloflin Road, Brookline, Mass.

INSTRUCTOR OF HISTORY OF ART

The "Painter of History!" Out of the ages have come voices both sad and in song that some of us do not hear. These shadowy fancies that hover in the dimmer realms of thought, she weaves like singing voices into a harmony to influence our songs for the future, or, perhaps, a present song. Ever thoughtful of our happiness—ever a lover of beauty she inspires us all.

"Oh, for the wings of a chainless mind,
And the power of a Soul that is free
To soar like the breath of a Heavenly wind
Through the realm of mystery."

JOHN SHARMON

101 Camden Street, Boston, Mass.

INSTRUCTOR IN PAINTING

Silver landscapes and silver bowls—sturdy fir trees and delicate peonies—so do his canvases speak. We, too, have tried to grasp that firm and constant viewpoint; and how proud we are when someone says—"Why that's quite Sharmonesque!"

MR. OTIS PHILBRICK

10 Hillcrest Pkwy., Winchester, Mass.

GRADUATE OF M. S. A.

Mr. Philbrick—we like you—whether you are talking to us "en masse" or are giving an individual criticism. Artist, Philosopher, Compelling Personality: the unpretentiousness, dignity, and high standards which you daily hold before us give us inspiration to nobler thought in life.

EFFIE BYRON WHITTET

15 Chilton Road, West Roxbury, Mass.

Studied at Boston University, Simmons, and M. S. A.

LIBRARIAN AND INSTRUCTOR IN LIBRARY METHODS

Mrs. Whittet, custodian of books, car-check blanks, models, and surgical supplies. The sky is surely dark when she is not with us. The office needs her, the models need her—we all need her. Among those necessary to our well-being and success, she is surely indispensable.

DR. LILAH MERLE VAUGHAN

400 Crescent Street, Waltham, Mass.

Graduate of Boston University with degrees A.B., A.M., and PHD. Phi Beta Kappa. Gradute study at Harvard. Civic Welfare work, Women's Municipal League. Adviser of women and Professor of Economics and Sociology at Boston University School of Education.

INSTRUCTOR IN SOCIOLOGY

"Did I tell you about the time I—? Now if you don't settle down I'll have to exert some social control!" The center of our stimulating sociology classes manages us so adroitly that we learn a great deal while we have a good time. Somehow in her discussions of human relations we come face to face with one of our best friends at M. S. A.

MISS ZELLA BUCKINGHAM

48 Clearway Street, Boston, Mass.

ALUMNUS M. S. A.

It doesn't seem very long ago that we used to see her downstairs in the corridor sketching in charcoal a draped clay figure which she had modelled. Now she is busy making model Freshmen!

MISS HELEN CLEAVES

Waban, Mass.

Studied with Charles Woodbury and Denman Ross

No person has in greater measure that particular quality of youngness which comes from an active interest in one's work, and a keen delight in the business of living. This lady has an exuberant enthusiasm which is infectious. She is an excellent entertainer and a fine teacher.

WALTER W. JAMISON

206 Beals Street, Brookline, Mass.

Graduate of Yale, A.B., Graduate work at Harvard, A.M. Studied at Columbia, Instructor M.I.T.

INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH

Sometimes he is devastating, always he opens to us a new world of thought. Of all that we receive in his class, or at "Our Boston Club" we remember most;

"One man who walks among you still prefers
Music of ringing truth to ringing spurs."

EDWIN A. HOADLEY

44 Comwlth. Road, Watertown, Mass.

Alumnus M. S. A. Student of Dynamic Symmetry, Lecturer, Instructor in Mechanical Drawing, Freshman Design and Composition

We learn to do by doing and "doing" gets to be a habit in Mr. Hoadley's classes, where we gather ideas from everywhere and adapt them to our particular needs. To translate into the language of those we wish to reach rather than copy—many quick sketches—accuracy are all familiar things in Room I. To make the time doubly interesting there are always the black-board frogs, the magic, and the puns, among the versatilities of this friend who makes the Freshmen smile in their first disconsolate days and teaches the seniors the power behind the piece of chalk.

MISS AMY RACHEL WHITTIER

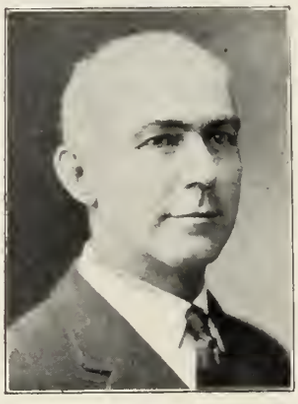
93 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

Graduate of M. S. A., Cowle's Art School, Harvard, and Universities of Boston and Chicago

HEAD OF DEPARTMENT OF ART EDUCATION

The lady of the misty amethyst and silver—her friends must reach to the far corners of the earth! She is the Person whom we love and will always remember—no other can fill the place she holds for us.

"What is Friendship? Something deep
That the heart can spend and keep;
Wealth that greatens while we give,
Praise that heartens us to live."



DR. JAMES MACE ANDRESS

67 Clyde Street, Newtonville, Mass.

B.P.D. and A.B. Michigan State Normal College; Ph.M. University of Chicago; A.M. Harvard; Ph.D. Clark University; Head of Department of Psychology and Social Hygiene, State Normal School, Worcester, Massachusetts

INSTRUCTOR IN DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

"I'm afraid we'll have to discuss that another time," Dr. Andress says when we wander into a fascinating byway in psychology class. But whatever the subject is, in listening to his keen, direct handling of the topic, we get a glimpse of a red cheeked boy set off on an adventure.

LEO O'DONNELL

56 Fellsway East, Malden, Mass.

ILLUSTRATOR

INSTRUCTOR IN ANTIQUE AND LIFE DRAWING

Illustrator in Antique and Life Drawing—Alumnus—teacher—and? Who shall say what else! Dignity rests well on his broad shoulders and is reflected in his sympathetic viewpoint. He is a true modern—one who sees and reads things—always amusing, sometimes critical, seldom complimentary, he enjoys "knocking off" a piece of work with us.

LAURIEN H. MARTIN

14 Park Street, Lowell, Mass.

INSTRUCTOR IN METAL CRAFTS

Mr. Martin is one of our faithful stand-bys who has been with our school longer than his years would seem to warrant. After studying here and abroad, portraiture, design and architecture he happened to take up the study of metal work in England, and was the first to bring the craft to this country. Not content to develop one type of work, he is always in search for new ideas or adaptations of old and inventing new methods. Best of all he is always ready and eager to pass on his new ideas to us.

DANIEL O. BREWSTER

172 Branch Street, Boston, Mass.

Graduate M. S. A. Design at Designers Art School. Stage Craft at Emerson College

INSTRUCTOR IN DESIGN, STAGE CRAFT, AND THEATRE DESIGN

Mr. Brewster's infectious enthusiasm is aroused alike by trips to Prague, T. T. pageants, and floral acquisitions. Whatever the source of his gleeful delight he is anxious to share it. Who among us—that has become a kindred soul by verbose appreciation of goldfish or cleevia—has not been invited to partake of his hospitality at Beacon Hill or Rockport?

FREDERICK M. WILDER

20 Willard St., East Braintree, Mass.

Degrees of B.S. and M.S. Harvard University

DEAN OF M. S. A.

By the prompt memorizing of 105 first names Dean Wilder wins the immediate gratitude of as many lonesome, floundering Freshmen. He is destined to share, later, some of the dark secrets (e.g. the contents of his rank file); but we are convinced after a four years' acquaintance, that he is honestly interested in each of us, and that his demands for our honesty and integrity are not impossible, for he himself lives up to them.

ISABELLE DAMRELL

5 Lee Street, Cambridge, Mass.

SECRETARY TO THE DIRECTOR

Miss Damrell occupies a strategic position from which she may censor the maddening throngs that seek to invade the inner sanctuaries of the "Big Boss", for wrapping paper so much in vogue for pastel studies. Fortunately for us that this Keeper of Valuables and Keeper Out of Unwelcome Visitors is an informidable person with a friendly smile and a pleasing personality.

CYRUS E. DALLIN

69 Oakland Avenue, Arlington, Mass.

Pupil of Freeman H. Bartlett—and studied abroad

ADVISORY HEAD OF DEPT. OF SCULPTURE

Always the same—charming in his manner toward all! His eyes twinkling with a keen sense of humor. Mr. Dallin has proved by his ability to "pass an undercut" that he can join in play as well as work. He never flatters; yet his words express sympathy rather than reproach. As he says, "It is easy when you know how."

RICHARD ANDREW

Fenway Studio

30 Ipswich Street, Boston, Mass.

Studied with Laurens and Gerome

INSTRUCTOR OF ANATOMY AND LIFE DRAWING

A direct and forceful personality, keen and sincere in his criticisms. His trenchant comment and intense sincerity brings to his students new vistas of the infinity of Art and a realization of the high purpose of the artist's profession.

RAYMOND A. PORTER

331 Harvard Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Study at Chicago Art Institute. Member of Boston Society of Sculptors, Member of Copley Society

HEAD OF DEPARTMENT OF SCULPTURE

The big, gray man, who does everything with a charm and freedom that makes us all want to be bachelors! We know many things about him, but here are a few things that perhaps not all of us know—He sings, plays the piano, recites poetry by the hour, doesn't smoke a pipe, and is an excellent chef!

ADRIAN J. IORIO

Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

INSTRUCTOR IN DESIGN

A star in the heavens to the designer! One is always sure of encouragement and enlightenment from him; and he so amuses us with his tales of the "printers' devil" to absorb all his teachings would be a great achievement. So important is his course in design and reproduction that we, as artists, appreciate his promise of advice and help in the next few years.

WILBUR DEAN HAMILTON

Trinity Court, Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass.

Alumnus M. S. A. pupil at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris

HEAD OF DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS

The man who treats us with teas and inspiration and serves us well with his gentle criticisms. Above all, he notices your idea of color and sense of beauty. What ho!—a genial disposition and a kindly attitude toward all, always a brief word of encouragement to "les enfants."

MISS ANNA MAYHEW HATHAWAY

1409 Comwlth. Avenue, Allston, Mass.

School of Design of Lowell Institute, Boston, Harvard

INSTRUCTOR IN COLOR HARMONY

Can you think of a more appropriate name for this charming person? Truly she reminds one of a little lady from another century as she teaches us to blend subtle colors into a harmony of design; then with a flash we evolve a color scheme in "her rich yellows" that is brilliantly modern. Rainbowmist, fragility of daisies, twilight in an old fashioned garden — these personify Miss Hathaway!

ALBERT S. KENDALL

73 Parker Street, Newton Centre, Mass.

A.B. Harvard. Studied at Technology and abroad

INSTRUCTOR IN ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING

A jolly remark about being prompt and on the job, and Mr. Kendall has started the day aright. An all day Friday affair for the Sophomores, but when Mr. Kendall is there we do appreciate architecture. I guess we can build a house or erect a Doric, or Ionic column now!

JOHN E. ALCOTT

55 Florence Avenue, Norwood, Mass.

Graduate of M. S. A.

INSTRUCTOR IN DESIGN

Youth, humor, good fellowship, and even satire, beam through Jack's merry eyes. The Designers come to him with their troubles and generally have them solved, for one of his weaknesses is helping the other fellow. May he prosper.

THERON I. CAIN

South Braintree, Mass.
Alumnus M. S. A.

INSTRUCTOR IN PERSPECTIVE AND FREE HAND DRAWING

The callow Freshmen learn from Mr. Cain the necessity for punctuality and the fact that there are limits to all things even rest periods! Under his meticulous piloting upper classmen steer through complexities of perspective safely, save those occasional Philistines who persist in looking through their center of vision upon horizon lines that are "not in the assignment".

ERNEST L. MAJOR

30 Ipswich Street, Boston, Mass.
Still studying everywhere

DRAWING AND PAINTING DEPARTMENT

Few words are far too inadequate to do justice to Mr. Major. The varied scintillating personality that we who study under him are privileged to know carries us along with a driving force that leaves us exhausted but mentally exhilarated at the end of class. Mr. Major gives freely his views on books, plays, paintings, personalities, symphonies, movies and on "ad infinitum", sometimes amusingly, satirically, reverently, spiritedly but always with enthusiasm.

MISS IRMA COFREN

1284 Beacon Street, Brookline, Mass.
Alumnus M. S. A., experience with Hickson's New York, and Connick Studios

INSTRUCTOR IN COSTUME DESIGN

Mais, oui! Of course, you know Miss Cofren—who is always so exquisite. Cha-arming and delightful, enthusiastic as a teacher and very much interested in all that we do. Miss Cofren is training us to absorb all the beauty we can—not only to dream of it—but to use its message and its inspiration! Color, line, beauty in art, literature and the drama—Miss Cofren has taught us to appreciate them.

MISS MARTHA M. FLINT

267 High Street, Newburyport, Mass.
Studied in Cincinnati, New York, and Boston. On Faculty of the S. D. Taylor School

INSTRUCTOR IN COSTUME DESIGN

A happy little gray-haired person. It doesn't take long to learn to love her! Twinkly blue eyes and ever so much experience in back of them. Time flies much too fast when we are with her! A tireless worker—who always knows best. Miss Flint loves to cook and has an attic just packed full of wonderful costumes. And can you imagine it? She is extremely fond of mathematics!

MRS. M. RUGG

62 Hamilton Street, Wollaston, Mass.
Alumnus M. S. A. and Cooper's Union Pratt Institute and Chicago School of Design

INSTRUCTOR IN COSTUME DESIGN

A most necessary member of the faculty! Always skipping around to help us whether we belong in the class or not. Interested in everything that might prove beneficial to us. Mrs. Rugg has made a place of her own in our hearts. "Help" is really the theme word here because that is what Mrs. Rugg is doing for us all the time.

MISS LILLIAN A. PHILLIPS

36 Robinwood Ave., Jam. Plain, Mass.
Graduate M. S. A. Degrees B.S. M.A. Columbia. University Extension work

INSTRUCTOR IN CRAFTS

Miss Phillips is a lavish spender of her enthusiasm, knowledge, and interest on any who attend her classterest on any one who attend her classes or come to her for advice Her many years of experience are all ours for the asking. Correlation of art with good craftsmanship is her message—but she is not always so serious. Mention "Pixie" and see for yourself. Truly she proves that it takes a sympathetic adult to thoroughly enjoy good toys.

LUDWIG FRANK

New School of Design, Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

Designer and decorator of glass, china, and silverware at Mt. Washington Glass Works, New Bedford, Trenton Potteries, and Meridan Brittania Co. Studied with Eric Pape, and I. T. Tadd, Nicoli Meister and Donald MacDonald. Formerly head designer with Bigelow, Kennard & Co. silversmiths.

Textile designer with Puritan Mills of Boston. Instructor in School of Fine Arts, Washington University and Supervisor of Art in high schools, Boston.

Tuesday and Thursday afternoons are dear to us because of the association of Mr. Frank, food, rain, and the jolly air that not too subtle undertone gives the studio.

A complete understanding of the subject in hand, or rather "on lap" and a more complete understanding of the failings of human nature devote us to "Frankie" (sssh, that's behind his back.)

MISS WOLLAHAN

M. S. A. surely welcomes Miss Wollahan as an addition to our executive force. Always ready to help us, always ready with laughter, she gratifies our every need.

officers

CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-NINE

Constance La Monte	Andrew Flagg	Lucy Doane
Vice-President	*President*	*Secretary*

UPON reflection it seems impossible that the rangy green weeds of our freshman days have in most cases become more cultivated plants.

Freshmen have changed since our day—four long years ago! They are no longer humble as we were, trembling at Sophomores, confiding in Juniors and admiring Seniors. However we have ever been a revolutionary class.

In Sophomore year arrayed in autumn shades we did our best to make miserable the lives of the incoming freshmen, to such an extent that the following year hazing was strictly a supervised affair. WE put on the prettiest costume dance of the school career and turned our old assembly hall into a Greenwich Village with much wrapping paper and poster paint. We learned much of design and how many books on the history of furniture are not in the library when wanted. Mr. Jameson took the annual "Holy Pilgrimage", and a good time was had by all.

Junior year we blossomed out like Gershnin's Rhapsody in Blue, tho' it far from expressed our jovial tho' dignified frame of mind. We began to actually draw figures with anatomy paramount and look for the pieces in the head painting.

Helen Miles and staff put over a new kind of year book assisted by Mr. Alcott and Mr. O'Donnell, who kept our staff meetings from being uninteresting. This new departure in style we dedicated to Mr. Porter, much to that modest man's surprise.

Our Junior prom at the Somerset was the gala affair of the year beside a costume party for the benefit of the year book, which was the last dance given in school.

Poor Seniors, black is a ditting color to reflect the sudden responsibility toward cramming all into one last year that which should have been divided into four equally. We again become radival by electing a girl as president of the student association, and have proved ourselves right in so doing. Because we have had a most successful year with "Marj" to lead us. Of course our fingers are in all the pies, from the N. Y. crowd in assembly, to the year book and murals. Rachel is honored as being the only girl this year to paint one along with Lincoln, Arthur, Eddie and Ralph. For our final fling at being different we are all going to graduate in caps and gowns instead of smocks.

To be poetical—"The song is ended, but the melody lingers on". We wonder how long after we are gone will our dynamic presence linger.

MARGARET F. FLEXNER,
Historian.

'29

'29

HELENE DAUPHINEE
103 Hart Street, Beverly Farms, Mass.
MODELING COURSE

Lovely lady! She has been compared to Venus de Milo, but who ever heard Venus giggle? We love her more each day.

EDA B. EARLE
34 Weston Street, Brockton, Mass.
MODELING COURSE

Do we admire and love her? Yea, even when she forgets us and self in absorption of something greater. Guess she has nice thoughts.

ELEANOR WILDER
26 Willart Street, E. Braintree, Mass.
MODELING COURSE

An energetic enigma—energy that *sometimes* causes its owner to spend lunch hours and vacations in school—an enigma in that. She can keep herself to herself at will.

PAUL VINAL WINTERS
9 Albemarle St., Arlington, Mass.
MODELING COURSE

Wanted; An argument! Any kind will do. No experience necessary. Even so we all like him. Can't help it—he's such a jolly good scout. Can't say that about anybody.

ESTHER BEROW
24 Floyd Street, Dorchester, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Music symphonies—a desire to have things right and beautiful. Ambitious with a hungry search for more knowledge.

LEO COLE
41 Central Street, Whitman, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Leo—a teacher with the ability to sell his stuff—and well! Keen, analytical but with a quick sympathy and a mane of hair that looks great with a trench coat.

REBECCA COOKE
Attleboro, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Rebecca is sunny, of course, and Beckey's an awfully nice girl. More considerate of others than most of us are.

MARGARET DAVIDSON
Franklin Square House, Boston, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

An unusual girl with very pretty hair. Clever as an artist, valuable as a friend, a lover of books and dancing.

'29

LUCY DOANE
Nahant, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Spirit of youth! of captivating frankness—Hail! To thee, Lucy, do we honor for all the little boy and girl pictures, and your own merry heart.

HILDA FROST
121 Appleton Street, Arlington, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Poet, reader, student and friend; appreciative and understanding. Of an interesting and inspiring personality.

THELMA FUNDEN
91 Blake Street, Mattapan, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Quiet, dignified and conscientious—a fine craftsman and worth while pal.

ALTHEA FOSS
5 Greenwood Ave., Wollaston, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Little, but deliciously sweet, Althea possesses a healthily big mind of her own.

FERNELLA FOX
R.F.D. 2, Lowell, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

A placid, undisturbed nature moving in a world of stolid assurance. She works seriously with a steady unruffled energy.

LORA GIFFORD
198 Forest Ave., Brockton, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

The art of living; a dashing personality that loves people—including fellow students. Clever and ready to think things through.

ANDREW FLAGG
207 N. Washington St., No. Attleboro, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Full of the joy and vigor of youth, Andy works and plays with equal energy. A clever organizer and a good friend.

KATHARINE GILLETTE
South Hanson, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Kay—eyes that sparkle with friendliness, enthusiasm and charm. A lover of books and people—we won't stop to mention her fascinating smile.

'29

EDITH GOLDING
12 Preston Road, West Roxbury, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Lovely eyes and pretty clothes. Goldie has a clear and searching mind embellished by wit and a fine sense of humor.

CONSTANCE LAMONT
81 St. Stephen Street, Boston, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Youth, joy and the dance! Sparkling wit sprinkled with unexpected strains of seriousness. Connie is alive, vibrant —gay!

ELIZABETH REID
554 Mass. Ave., Boston, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Betty—straightforward, sympathetic and sincere. A stimulating mind,

MARGARET HOENEMAN
10 East Hastings St., West Roxbury, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Jovial — enthusiastic — confident enough to dare defeat. A happy lover of music.

HELEN LINDBERGH
48 Rumford Ave., Waltham, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Another refreshingly quiet Lindbergh. Endeared to us all for her sweet charm and fine straightforward ness.

ANNA SALICE
78 Loring Avenue, Winchester, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Generous and good-hearted almost to a fault. Happy—talkative—serious. studious yet fun-loving.

ALICE JOSEPH
18 Bailey Street, Dorchester, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

A delightfully vivacious dancer. Beloved by her school children and her grown-up friends. Happy brown eyes.

LOUISE SANGER
21 Holbrook St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Quiet and pleasantly dignified. An efficient, fine craftsman with a friendly interest in everyone.

'29

VIRGINIA STARBIRD
9 Monadnock Street, Boston, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

As full of bubbling enthusiasm as a starbird could be. She has that gift of making others comfortable. An excellent teacher.

MABEL BREEN
35 Packard Avenue, Somerville, Mass.
COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

Sincerity and charm, plus a quiet and even temperament, prove Mabel "best in the long run."

MARION GREEN
47 Auburn Street, Waltham, Mass.
COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

A non-temperamental artist! Quiet but necessary—would there be more of them. And she likes books.

HELEN TAYLOR
163 Plain Street, Lowell, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Like all quiet, unobtrusive young ladies, Helen keeps a store of humor and lots of reserve fun. Earnest and true.

ELAINE COOK
72 Elm Street, Wollaston, Mass.
COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

Elaine—the practical Costume Designer—and Cookie is a good sport and a splendid cook. We Know.

HAZEL HATCH
16 Mountfort Street, Boston, Mass.
COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

Small but self-possessed; quiet but distinctive. A wealth of clever ideas, witticisms, and jolly camaraderie—an inimitable combination.

DORIS WHITTAKER
152 State Street, Newburyport, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

"Cy" means pep, a good companion —daring and independent. Very well read.

ADELE HUNT
COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

Conscientious and sincere; serious, but with an eye for fun; the sort of girl you're proud to call Friend.

'29

MARJORIE LIKINS
38 Glenn Road, Winchester, Mass.
COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

Capable—and enthusiastic, Marge is a worker. If it's making a lasting friend or holding down a man-sized position you can depend on Marge.

JANICE PETERSON
8 Stevens Street, Stoneham, Mass.
COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

Tall, slender and blonde! As magnanimous as she is tall, as graceful as she is slender, as feminine as she is blonde.

ESTELLE SIMSON
So. Somerset Avenue, Winthrop, Mass.
COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

Stell, the lovable—who could resist her? Teaching at the Designer's Art School. Loves Russians, fascinating bizarre colors and the Theatre.

HELEN LOWCOCK
47 Draper Avenue, Arlington, Mass.
COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

The founder of "corridor caroling" in M. S. A. Helen has the best disposition in the Costume Design class.

MINNIE SIMON
6 Franklin Gardens, Roxbury, Mass.
COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

Psychological deductions, the right amount of self confidence, plus the joy of living—equals Minnie, of course!

DOROTHY I. SMITH
13 Alder Street, Waltham, Mass.
COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

The pink and blue girl—adores New York night life—happy and cheering to the atmosphere in Room 2.

MARGUERITE MOSCHARD
95 High Street, Waltham, Mass.
COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

Cubby is a mystery—we secretly believe she has discovered the art of existing without sleep—turns out more work than is humanly possible.

EMMA THOMAS
26 Fuller Street, Waltham, Mass.
COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

An exuberant sense of humor; trick, high-waisted dresses; a veritable passion for jelly and lima beans!

'29

HILDA WHYTE
15 Nahant Street, Lynn, Mass.
COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

Vivacious, charming, keen; possessed of an affectionate friendliness; the Nth degree of graciousness and femininity.

MYER BROTMAN
DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE
195 Chelsea Street, Everett, Mass.

When the roll is called up yonder, Mike will still be enjoying his little game of watching his delicate feelings feeling. His etchings are in the Brotman style, meaty and craftsmanlike.

ARTHUR CORSINI
239 Lincoln Street, Worcester, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

He's a humble admirer of Cezanne, Gaugin and others who never went to art school. Art also whacks off rare water-colors and likes school so much that he is turning to freshmen influences again.

HELEN WISE
COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

Happy optimist! The charming combination of ready laughter and sensitive friendship makes Helen always a jolly and desirable companion.

MARGARET FLEXNER
101 Winthrop Road, Brookline, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

Peggy—official timekeeper of D. & P. '29—will do anything for anybody who asks politely—and when one refers a job to Peggy it is as good as done.

RACHEL CLAPP
22 Woodville Street, Roxbury, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

Mr. Andrews calls Rachel, water-colorist and hope of the life class, his find; but we always knew she was good. She is New England, a delightful companion, and plans to teach and go with God.

DOROTHY MUNSTER
1199 Main Street, Waltham, Mass.
COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

Illustrator of delightful sub-debs—a tireless worker with ambition and lots of pep.

FLOYD HARDY
15 Babcock Street, Brookline, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

That "Hardy annual"—joy of feminine hearts, to which, quoting Ernest L., one can proudly point, and with justifiable pride in his masculine rhythm say, "Behold! This is an artist!"

'29

DORIS HINCKLEY
184 White Street, Waverley, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

A carefree, childlike, naive Peter Pan (though evidences of mature thought on her part sometimes mar that impression) which elflike qualities are often immortalized with chalk and charcoal by admiring contemporaries.

LINCOLN LEVISON
237 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

Lincoln's practicality is remarkable. Knowing his goal, he plans to reach it through labor backed by reason. His self-discipline often includes his neighbors, but he is charming in moments of relaxation.

EDWARD MENGES
117 Bellevue Road, Lynn, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

"What are you going to do next year?" doesn't bother Eddie. Of a noted family of artists, he has already made his mark in the teaching world. He wears a sheep-skin coat, but means well.

HELEN CABOT MILES
10 Lynde Street, Salem, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

Capable, willing, and dependable—not at all "high hat" though the Major portion of the faculty frequently reminds her that the Cabots speak only to Lowells.

MARY SCHRODE
42 Henderson Street, Arlington, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

Mary has never been known to be angry at anyone but herself, and then only because she deplores her inability to concentrate. She has talent and taste, and much improves a rainy day.

RALPH SHEPHERD
20 Glenwood Street, Lynn, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

Ralph, author of that good old side-splitter—"What are you going to do next year?" is fully capable of dashing off some good ones. A gentleman, always amiable and witty.

MARJORY SODERLUND
120 Hemenway Street, Boston, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

Marjry—lady of extremes—can act delightfully foolish or preside with dignity at a Student Association Meeting. One moment exuberant, the next depressed—we guess it's the temperament that artists are made of.

ALFRED SPITTAL
70 Moffat Road, Waban, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

You want encouragement? Alfred's there. Or turpentine? And candy? Al's still there. Thumbtacks, smiles, and nickels. Compositions—but Al's not there!

'29

MAX GORODNITSKY
16 Pleasant Street, Lynn, Mass.
DESIGN

A phenomenon — a modest genius! An accomplished technician with a genuine sense of beauty. But high hat? No! Just a darn good sport.

GOLDIE F. HELLER
2 Saltonstall Parkway, Salem, Mass.
DESIGN

A dreamy little designer with a feeling for subtle curves—a sense of pure color harmony and a love of the Oriental.

EDGAR MARBLE
39 Walnut Street, Somerville, Mass.
DESIGN

Edgar designs World War memorials — and boxes — and does them well. Ask the seniors who designed the Medfield War Memorial. A genial personality and a true friend.

MARY HAWES
7 Doane Street, Fairhaven, Mass.
DESIGN

Refined — sophisticated — perfect poise — "I must get on my horse." — By the way, she is saddling her horse to go to Europe this summer. The lucky designer.

FLORA MATHESON
282 Washington St., Gloucester, Mass.
DESIGN

Faeries and Flora — a bright spot of orange in a sweater and beret—a lovely senorita at a costume dance.

RUTH KEMP
71 Beaumont Street, Dorchester, Mass.
DESIGN

None can be blue or bored when Kempie is around. Clever and dainty are her designs — with that appealing charm that we love in her.

VIRGINIA SQUIRES
20 Mansfield Street, Lynn, Mass.
DESIGN

The Rubyiat — ham sandwiches — Ruthie — beautiful craft work. A decorative designer and I don't mean maybe!

MELBA WOODFIN
10 Highland Ter., Marblehead, Mass.
DESIGN

Gay confidence — a wondrous knack with men and merchandise. "Mel" is headed for the success in the "retail trade".

'29

HELENA BOWLER
55 King Street, Westfield, Mass.
DESIGN

Bowler soup — skates — likes her water hard — more skates. She faw down an' go boom. — Still more skates. We predict big things for this li'l half pint.

JEANNE CHAFETZ
298 Gracer St., West Roxbury, Mass.
DESIGN

Mistress of all the subtleties of design and color. Jeanne will come home from the show some day to be a serious designer.

WILLIAM DUNCAN
12 Charnock Street, Beverly, Mass.
DESIGN

Bill — a bland, nonchalant countenance, concealing what? Ability, good nature, generosity and that wild Irish wit? Touche.

JOYCE CARRINGTON
28 Myrtle Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.
DESIGN

Modernism — snappy figures a la Russell Paterson — freckles — personality plus — a happy-go-lucky disposition — that's Joyce! I mean it actually is!

RUTH GAGAN
17 Bellevue Avenue, Revere, Mass.
DESIGN

Hey, Edgar! — A little girl with a peppy personality and a penchant for pulling people's hair. — A nice little girl with a weakness for green.

BETTY BROWNE DAVIS
14 Faxon Street, East Boston, Mass.
DESIGN

Titian-colored hair and a temper — or is it temperament — to match.

"Forbear to dismiss with a shrug
Her nose, undeniably pug."

Some day there'll be a studio — and a chow dog to match her hair.

STEPHEN THORNTON
10 Rockmere Terrace, Lynn, Mass.
DESIGN

A jack of all trades is Steve. He dashes off cretonnes — who's who in Movieland — can read character from hand writing 'n' everything! A real friend.

MARGARET HALL
Hospital Road, Concord, Mass.
THEATRE DESIGN

Slim, blue eyed sophistication. Again the theatre—"supe-ing" at the Repertory. Margaret Hall—exotic one moment and daintily flower like the next.

'29

MARGARET ROSS
18 Dustin Street, Brighton, Mass.
THEATRE DESIGN

The Theatre—grotesque masks—odd, striking colors and dashing brown eyes. "It's my sister's—but where's Margaret?"

PHYLLIS CARY
244 Boston Street, Lynn, Mass.
DESIGN

Page "O Henry" the Big Boston Business Girl. A long stride — we know it will get her somewhere — and how that girl can dance.

IRENE NUTE
East Bridgewater, Mass.
DESIGN

"Can you feature that?" Pushes pedals and pencils with equal facility. The class baby! A poster in one hand — a bunch of violets in the other — a mad dash for the Matfield Limited.

ETHEL HENRY
71 Howard Street, Lynn, Mass.
DESIGN

A commercial advertiser — "High Test Ethyl — more miles to the gallon — a hardy constitution!" And a cary-complex! Oh! Doctor!!

ALICE BURTON
131 Riverview Street, Campello
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Tall, fair, and graceful—a dream of the South in her soft voice, but yet sparkling with the youth of a gay daffodil.

MARY MERRY
5 Newcastle Road, Brighton, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

As happy as her name, Mary is gentle and perfectly poised. An invaluable friend and companion.

DOROTHY NUTTER
145 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

A good sport—and don't take us wrong. Bubbling with happiness and a delightful naivette.

MARY GERALDINE GILLIS
Cohasset, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

Quiet but yet with a quick tongue. You must know her to see the fun in her. She's away above us—Oh about four feet nineteen.

CLARA OLSEN
23 Grove Street, Concord Junction, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

Here is a true friend! One that we can confide in and get true understanding. She gets her work done before anyone else, but we don't know how.

ETHELYN NOLAN
440 Pleasant Street, Waltham, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

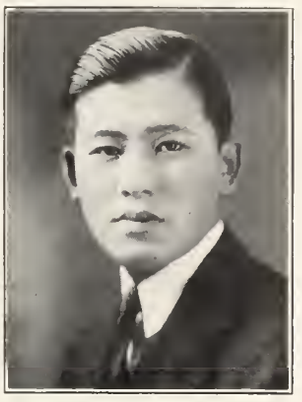
Grace, rhythm—a soft musical voice—that is Ethelyn. Her drawing is as beautiful as her personality.

ELLEN WEED
Baldwin Road, Marblehead, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

A keen thinker—writer of delicious poetry and modest about it. A lover of life.

KATHRYN McCORMICK
76 Clifford Street, Melrose, Mass.
COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

Tall in stature, grave in manner, an unruffled, conscientious individuality, plus much humor is "Kay".



SHUNICHIRO TOMITA
KYOTO, JAPAN
Temporary Address: 4 Greenough Pk., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

Our Tommy ("Professor" to the Museum students!)—a gentleman, a backer of every student enterprise—master of Japanese design—ambitious to become an American painter.

HELEN BINGHAM
38 De Wolfe Street, Cambridge, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

That courageous soul who *does* while we talk—who exhibits at every opportunity, and paints portraits for good hard cash; and whose wit adds to the gaiety of the painting class.

EMMA BOURNE
22 Lakeview Street, Arlington, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

Emma talks French with our Parisian models; music with Mr. Major; literature with Mr. O'Donnell; and returns from an afternoon of relaxation at Symphony with a new etching.

ALISON MOULTON
48 Hereford Street, Boston, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

All the little imps are let loose in Alison, with their hundred moods. Besides these possessions, Alison has a rare talent for refinement in drawing and a strong draftsmanship.

HOWARD SHOOSHAN
234 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

Another of those pseudo-musicians —middleman in the famous trio and popular pianist of our noontime recreation hour,—Howard is always on the lookout for good clean fun. Har! Har!

CHARLES TOMAS
31 Tremont Street, Lynn, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

When you can make the shapes, "adopt" canvases to put them on, and whack off masterpieces daily, there's no doubt about your future, Charlie.

Bradley Hall Cushman

IN MEMORIAM

A memory to hold through the years—of a comrade, and a pal—a memory, a symbol of youth and gladness and friendship.

officers

CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY

Gordon Reynolds	Thelma Paine	Faith Hale	Ralph Ayer
President	*Vice-President*	*Secretary*	*Treasurer*

A CLASS History—the past—memories—ah yes, we have locked them away with care. We smile when we take out those of our dear, green Freshmen days. How little we understood the school and its instructors then. Everything was new and wonderful, but bewildering. Those were the days when "Red" Devlin (do you remember him?) was made to wear a green ballet costume and perform in the assembly hall. And Henrietta Springer—can one ever forget her nose at the finish of the peanut rolling contest. We had entered a new city where the Sophomores kept the courts.

As a class we drew into our shell and tried to finish sheets for Mr. Brewster and pass History notebooks in on time. We were wary, shy, and unresponsive even though our dance and Freshmen Assembly were unusually good. Oh yes—they were!

When we became Sophomores, the powers that be, put a ban on hazing. Ah well, the Freshmen's misfortune more than ours, we think, looking back. We learned to love and adore rather than fear Mr. Major. Crafts opened a new field to many, and architecture made us feel important. We no longer hesitated to enter the Public Library. Mr. Jamison paced the floor in rage at our imbecility. Although he never knew it we grew to love Keats and Shelley. Browning, read by Mr. Jamison, we adopted for our own. As for furniture notebooks, we do not need a reminder of those.

And now the best year of the three, the blue, the gay, the bright year comes to a close. Although divided we seem to know each other better than ever. The "Keep Out" on the Designer's door has not excluded the painters any more than their locked doors have awed the Teacher Trainers. The Juniors have been in everything, done everything—Geber, the Year book and the Prom. The Blue year had been a do year for the school. Next year we shall be more selfish and try to settle our own futures securely, if possible. The best thing about the Junior year is well expressed by the following:

"O air born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he,
Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

DOROTHY HUNTER.

'30

'30

PATRICIA CLAIRE FERRITER
75 Bradford Road, Watertown, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

"Pat" is one of our dark horses this year, and has come from the unheralded rank to the front in drawing and painting. She is sincere to the last atom, and her ambitions are taking her to the Penn. Academy this summer, where she will undoubtedly do honor to the name of M.S.A.

HENRY HOCHBERG
24 Elmore Street, Roxbury, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

This little care-taker of Ken Barton's soap and turpentine keeps us all guessing. He understands advertising, and has an eye for what the well dressed man should wear. He has his own little studio, where he watches big fires, and has policemen do the model act for Mr. Major's comps. Some suspect him of entering "Old Gold Guessing Contests," because of the fumes which issue from his smock.

RALPH DWIGHT AYER
14 Cleveland Avenue, Woburn, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

If you don't know the "comp" for next week—ask Ralph. Hard working, more than conscientious, Ralph spends his time outside of school to the best advantage and brings in many good canvases for criticism. He is a true gentleman and has all the admirable characteristics of an artist.

ELIZABETH FRANCES GIBBONS
1055 River Street, Hyde Park, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

It is hard to imagine "Dina" smudging her hands with dirty black charcoal. Ah yes, 'tis hard, but she carries on most successfully. Day school alone cannot fulfill her ambitions, she attends night school and plans to study this summer, no less. Dance—you should see her!

ELIZABETH KLEIN
18 East Bourne, Roslindale, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

"Betty" is a very quiet body, but no truer lover of the fine arts can be found within our walls. She is one of the pioneers in the field of etching among the Juniors, and delights in its hardest problems. She is a deep thinker and has the enviable gift of either saying wise things or holding her own council.

KENNETH HENRY BARTON
10 Linder Terrace, Newton, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE
Vignette (2), Treasurer of Student Association Advisory Board

From the first recollections Kenny has been leader, a spokesman, and a lover of the arts. Does he know Parliamentary law? Listen in on Advisory Board meeting, and you will be convinced. He loves to argue and mimic radio entertainers. His hearty laugh is often heard around school.

'30

ROBERT HENRY BLATTNER

Associate Ed. Year Book (2)
Editor of the Year Book (3)
Advisory Board (3)
Advertising Manager of Mascart Theatre

154 Lawton Avenue, Lynn, Mass.

GENERAL DESIGN COURSE

Words give no inspiration when Henry is to be described. You just ought to know him. Work is not drudgery to him, in fact, the harder and more of it he has, the happier he becomes. He plays extraordinary music, does beautiful design work, is friendly and kind to everyone. He gets and makes more laughs out of little things than "Libby" can understand. A work room without him will be drab indeed.

CLARA LANG CHAPMAN

21 Burgett Avenue, Medford, Mass.

GENERAL DESIGN COURSE

Chappy is a very demure, small person who never forces her society on anyone. Her smile is continuous and although she seldom speaks, what she does say is enhanced by her soft laugh. We wonder what secret treasures she stores within to give her such a happy mien.

LAWRENCE ELMER JACOBS

President (1)
Treasurer of Year Book (3)
Treasurer of Student Association (2)

725 Lynnfield Street, Lynn, Mass.

GENERAL DESIGN COURSE

"Larry" looks so serious and mature that he invariably is elected to all the boards incorporated. Not that he likes it—it is just inevitable. He works with meticulous care and paints surprising modernistic designs. He knows the ground plan of the lower floor exceptionally well in corners. He is positively a "women" hater but not a woman-hater.

DOROTHY BRITT CHAMBERS

Shawsheen, Tewksbury

Treasurer of Class (2)
Art Editor of the Year Book (3)

GENERAL DESIGN COURSE

"Oh Dotty! let's see yours." The cry of the Designer every Monday morning. The sight is invariably the same — smart, clever, professional work. Just notice the way she sharpens her pencils. It is one key to her success. Dot is gentle and kind, a perfect friend, whom the most trying circumstances will not irritate.

DOROTHY MERIAM HUNTER

Secretary (1)
Class Reporter (3)
Literary Editor of Year Book (3)

South Sudbury, Mass.

GENERAL DESIGN COURSE

A friendship like hers, once gained, is a priceless treasure. Her every action is premeditated, even to hunting through ash cans along the Esplanade. You don't know the half of it!

MARY RAMSAY PALMATEER

38 Hancock Street, Auburndale, Mass.

GENERAL DESIGN COURSE

"Sunny" gives every appearance of being very studious, but minus the glasses—beware. She won her nickname fairly. She diets habitually on paint brushes, and loves to paint bubbles, and compositions in pink and blue. Her laugh is most spontaneous and quite surprises Mr. Cain.

'30

ALICE WARREN BICKFORD
82 Monument St., W. Medford, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

Alice is the twin who comes into the class-room just a little later than Marion. She is the graver and more serious of the two. She is often to be found down in the lunch room engaged in intellectual conversation with her contemporaries. Perspective is a light problem for her.

BARBARA BIGELOW
5 Baltimore Street, Millers, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

"The fair Bigelow" is recognized as one of the intelligentsia. She readily explains all French phrases and Classical allusions which arise in any conversation. In odd moments she studies Spanish and plans hiking trips through Europe.

ELIZABETH BIGELOW
83 Pleasant Street, Marlboro, Mass.
Teacher Training

Though she comes from the "sticks" there's nothing "Hick" about Betty. She is always cheerful and good natured even if her favorite slogan is, "My dear I am so worried!"

MARION PERHAM BICKFORD
82 Monument St., W. Medford, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

In comparison with Alice, Marion is the more petite, more vivacious of the two. Even in her Freshman year Mr. Major singled her out for her excellent interpretation of bottles and strawberry boxes. Her conversation is stimulating and when she is out of breath, her sister continues the theme.

JANE FRANCES COOPER
231 Sandwich Street, Plymouth, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

Jane is one of the quiet ones of Junior Drawing and Painting, but if golden silence could make our life studies like hers, then silent we all should be. She possesses a strange insight into the likes and dislikes of Mr. Major—recommendation enough for anyone.

RUBY STODDARD
42 Salem St., Wakefield, Mass.
Teacher Training

Our very blonde lady. They say gentlemen prefer them and *one* must. She has one advantage over the other teachers, she won't have such a long time to get angry at school children.

'30

THELMA PAINE
13 Whiting Street, Plymouth, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

A fresh personality—clear fine intellect and a dainty manner. Thilly is a true modern girl with a keen sense of what is both useful and beautiful.

EDNA MacDONALD
1 Edgebrook Road, W. Roxbury, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

Personality Plus! Mr. Major seemed very pleased with this tall attractive blond's keen sense of humor—and who dares to contradict Mr. Major. Edna has proven a true friend to her plas in the teacher training Division and many a jolly hour have we passed in her company.

HELENE WIHRY
155 Grove Street, Haverhill, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

Lovely, dignified, with a refined taste for all that is best in music and art. The very texture of her skin is to be envied, to say nothing of her ability as a musician, as well as a student of art.

HELEN RANSDEN
276 Main St., Bridgewater, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

Full of tun sincer, the devil just popping in her big brown eyes:—that's "Short Notice." Wonder what the Sandwich Shop will do without Helen's wisecracks and daily order of "Muffins, Please!" Some day we will all be more than proud to say we went to school with Helen Ransden—that very clever cartoonist.

CONSTANCE SHEA
236 Walnut Street, Holyoke, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

Our raven haired, brown-eyed Connie who is the greatest kidder in M. S. A. Even her looks kid you into thinking she's Spanish! Art is not her only forte. You should see her do the Varsity Drag.

ELEISE CARROLL
9 Rozella Street, Dorchester, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

Our latest authority on waves and clothes;—and men. What would we do without her. How she manages to crowd so many dances and teas and bridges in with her school work is an "Eighth" wonder.

'30

ELVIRA FRANCIS BABBIT
2 Fay Court, Southville, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

"Her mannerisms and dainty ways,
Are all she needs in way of praise."

Looking into the future, we can just see "Vi's" pupils flocking about her and calling her "the lovely drawing lady", as we think she is.

HARRIET STEEVE BEATTIE
17 Osgood Street, Lowell, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING
Treasurer of the Literary Club

Sure and steady
Always ready
Her knowledge to impart
We soon depend
Upon this friend
With her loving, loyal heart.

WALEA E. GRUNDMAN
Eliot Street, Framingham, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

Is there anyone in school who does not know Wall-ee-a? How she manages to do everything and be an intimate friend to everyone is a conundrum. Kind hearted, sympathetic, and above all, willing to work, Walea is a friend indeed.

ESTHER LOUISE BACKMANN
7 Berkeley Street, Lawrence, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

"I started laughing like anything—" You can well believe this if you have seen much of her. Jolly and companionable she makes a fine pal for "Jenkie."

HELEN DOROTHY CATE
19 Evans Road, Marblehead, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

"Still waters run deep." A quiet, industrious, faithful student and friend is Helen. She never goes halfway in anything she attempts, as is shown by her work. To know her well, is to like her better.

FAITH HALE
1891 Beacon Street, Brookline, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING
Sec. II Vice Pres. III Sec. Dram. Club
Treas. of Year Book

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint."

Faith's cheerful disposition, sincerity, and thoughtfulness have endeared her to all who have been lucky enough to know her. Her kind words and willingness to take responsibility have won her the popularity she surely deserves.

'30

HARRIET DORA HAMLIN
148 Stratford St., West Roxbury, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

This lady with the brilliant hair has a subtlety of her own. She is a musician, shows refined tastes, and a love for wine color; yet peek into her locker—what a collection of plaster casts and varnishes!

RUTH AMELIA JENKINSON
10 Oakwood Avenue, Lawrence, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

"Jenkie" has the best time, just living. She is filled to the brim with humor, but this does not deter her from doing excellent work. She is interested in making young people happy.

JEANETTE LORING
Billerica, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

"Jenny" a perfect blonde from near Lowell, a "many faced" individual but an all around good sport.

ALBERTA AUGUSTA HODGEN
Liberty Street, South Acton, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

"Bert" disappointed some of her instructors by taking the Teacher Training Course, but they need not have worried, she is a shining light in whatever she attempts. She takes her work seriously, and expresses herself in it.

MIRIAM SARAH KING
30 Crescent Street, Wakefield, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

Although of a naturally quiet disposition Miriam can create lots of fun. Her perfection in dress and coiffure are admired by every one. She rises at 6:15 to catch an 8:24 train, what more can be said?

DOROTHEA JOHNSON
81 Crescent Ave., Newton Centre, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

Noise—pep—dates—Sunday-school classes —Hazen co-ed.

'30

ELSIE MINTZ
12 Babson Street, Gloucester, Mass.
COSTUME DESIGN

"Gosh, Pearl." Low heels and fur lined coats suit Elsie better than dancing slippers and ermine wraps. But she is the happier for all that. We think she should design sport costumes especially well, because she is so fond of the wide open spaces.

ESTHER READ
55 Dixwell Avenue, Quincy, Mass.
COSTUME DESIGN

Mr. Major placed Esther in an exclusive class her first year at M. S. A. Striking, tall, and regal she attracts attention everywhere. We can well imagine her on the deck of an ocean liner this summer. She has left school for a more domestic field. We certainly wish her the best of luck.

ANNA ROSE VESELAK
196 Meadow Street, Westfield, Mass.
COSTUME DESIGN
Costume Designer of Mascart Theatre

"Doesn't that give you a thrill?" Rose is calm to the nth degree even in the clamor of the sewing room the day before a pageant. However, she does enthuse over plays and costumes in a charming manner, that is, if they are quaint enough to interest her. She does not attempt to be some one she is not any more than she tries to change her beautiful blonde hair.

FLORENCE DOLORES PARKINSON
112 Salem Street, Lawrence, Mass.
COSTUME DESIGN

Florence has such round pink cheeks and white teeth that a peasant or Dutch costume would suit her admirably although high heels and "coon skin" coats are by no means unbecoming. She makes friends easily, and what is more, keeps them.

LOUISE MABEL THORBURN
10 Harrison St., Melrose Hlds., Mass.
COSTUME DESIGN

Mabel is so unobtrusive and shy, that few know her, yet one feels instinctively that she is sincere and conscientious. Her contemporaries have planned an exciting program for her next year in New York, and promise that we won't know her when she returns.

MARJORIE ELEANOR ROOT
98 Ash St., Deerfield, Mass.
COSTUME DESIGN SPECIAL
Year Book (3)
Vignette (4)

Distinctive personality — clever in costume design, boyish, likes to read, quiet (on the surface), droll sense of humor.

'30

ELIZABETH BATES
89 Spring Street, Stoneham, Mass.

COSTUME DESIGN

A fresh air "kid" who hasn't any ambition, or so she often remarks. "What was I going to say now?"—oh —"I faw down." Yes, at Fall River.

JANE LAIRD
22 Rockview St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

COSTUME DESIGN

Arrives at M. S. A. at 10:30 and the next minute is crying "Let's eat." Off and away, try and find her when you want her.

ADELAIDE PEARL McCALLUM
34 Elliott Street, Beverly, Mass.

COSTUME DESIGN

Mr. Major prophesied a dire end for Pearl, but whether she likes vegetables or not has always been a mystery. However, she seems robust enough to attend school daily and not to swoon noticeably.

GENEVIEVE FRANCES TYLER
39 Gray Cliff Rd., Newton Ctr., Mass.

COSTUME DESIGN

Although "Gen" was born in Paris, and has traveled extensively, she is very considerate of us who have been less fortunate and is not always telling about "when I was abroad". We should know very little about her if we relied on her for information. She reads rather deep books seriously, and seems to be more sophisticated than many of her classmates.

MARGUERITE LILLIAN MacNEIL
63 Riverview Avenue, Waltham, Mass.

COSTUME DESIGN

A low voiced young person who would like to fashion her life after Dolores Del Rio's. "Sweet, Simple, and Girlish." (Oh, won't she love that.)

ARDELLE MacWHINNIE
101 Greenwood Av, Greenwood, Mass.

COSTUME DESIGN

Official time-keeper in life class. Though a costume designer she never gets "ruffled". Good-natured and friendly, and what a sun burn.

'30

M. DONALD PLUMMER
21 School Street, Milton, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

Tall, whimsical Don, with his droll humor makes one feel at ease. He is rather shy and reticent, but his work shows where his thoughts lie. He is the only masculine element in the Teacher Training group, perhaps this accounts for his shyness.

MYRTLE ELIZABETH STARKIE
298 Lamartine St., Jam. Plain, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

She is quiet, modest, shy,
Rather slim, but very spry.

Who would guess that this quiet, shy little miss was a magician? We were indeed surprised to see her in "Geber". Her little sneezes in class quite amuse us.

ODETTE CATHERINE WACHA
Zamora Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

One might describe Odette as possessing more "sense" than the rest of her humble contemporaries. With an A here and an A there Odette awes her less clever or is it less industrious classmates? Her work interests her far more than the antics of Henry and Don, not that she hasn't a sense of humor, she is just too busy. Look at her history notebook.

DOROTHY EDNA SHARPLES
20 Churchill Street, Milton, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

Literary Editor of the Year Book

"Dot" is a classmate of whom we are most proud. Her subtle, clever poetry has added spice to many Vignettes. We know, from some of her themes, read in class, that she can write prose as well. As a teacher, her pupils will see in her a second Miss Munsterberg.

DORIS BORGHELD THORESON
32 Sumner St., No. Attleboro, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

Poetry, pageants, pins, pottery painting, etc. Doris is surely versatile. She is so busy, one finds it difficult to make her acquaintance, but thereby is attracted all the more. If she does not marry some wandering minstrel Doris should make a success in the teaching field, and probably would at any rate.

MARJORIE GERTRUDE WOODINGTON
60 Circuit Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

"The foundation of every noble character is absolute sincerity."

A genuine, helpful, happy friend. The longer you know her the better you like her for she is full of fun, sympathy, and understanding.

'30

ELIZABETH CARRINGTON PHINNEY
37 Huntington Ave., Roslindale, Mass.
GENERAL DESIGN COURSE

Something of a tom-boy—happy-go-lucky and out for fun. A good sport who has kept house for her family all winter and attended school regularly in addition. Note—they are all well although she has been cook. Score 1 for Phinney.

GLADYS ADELAIDE RITCHIE
452 Commercial St., Weymouth, Mass.
GENERAL DESIGN COURSE
Assistant Editor of Year Book

Kitten, Kitten—someone to be loved and teased. A blonde the gentlemen prefer. Ambitious and popular. Gigi speaks a fascinating language all her own, and sings Roses of Yesterday to the Designers.

HELEN ADELAIDE TOWLE
74 Bailey Street, Dorchester, Mass.
GENERAL DESIGN COURSE

"Watcha doin'"? Oh—hello Helen. Helen or Miss "Towel", as she is often mis-named, is interested in everything especially in textile and tapestry designing. She is one of the faithful who willingly drudges on refreshment committees. She is dependable and serious minded which does not mean she never laughs. She does.

ELIZABETH LORING RAYMOND
76 Highland Ave., Somerville, Mass.
GENERAL DESIGN COURSE

"I know, Dotty, but please tell me." Curious, naive, sincere and lovable. Libby's favorite trick is to appear deeply engrossed in her own work, and then suddenly bursts out with some surprising remark about well—most anything. She is quaint—and different. Bless her!

LOUISE FREDERICK SUHR
76 Southgate Pk., West Newton, Mass.
GENERAL DESIGN COURSE

A deep thinker and a hard worker. Paints the kind of asparagus the best farmers raise—and which Mr. Alcott thinks would be a bargain in any market. She is quiet and reserved but sets us all a good example.

MUNROE BURBANK
102 Powder House Boulevard,
W. Somerville, Mass.
THEATRE DESIGN COURSE
Director of Mascart Theatre

Watch out! That mean look in his eye is significant. He may be planning a modernistic setting for Mars or a lighting system for the weirdest scene in drama. "Munny" has become such a special special that we do not see him often but when we do, he has either just visited back stage of the best show in town or taken Walter Hampden to lunch. A boy who does things!

'30

BARBARA SEARS
160 Pleasant Street, Arlington, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

The "red-head" of the Class, who so skilfully uses conte. Barbara will not let us forget the beauties of Arlington and Center Ossipee, and brings in work which shows how well she understood Mr. Sharmon's principles. Her rest periods are spent in bargaining for worm-eaten apples in neighboring fruit stores. Trust auburn heads to get what they go after, especially Barbara—in perspective!

GORDON LOCKWOOD REYNOLDS
121 Woodlawn Street, Lynn, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

Year Book (1)
Year Book (2)
President (3)
Year Book (3)

"Don", our red-headed jester, won't for a minute let you forget that he is four-sixths Scotch and eleven sixty-fourths English. We wonder if the pin and ring business pays for those orange ties and tweed suits. We wonder why he insists on wearing the clothes of a Canadian lumberjack—but then—he would be different. Although Don has his serious moments, it is a treat to watch him when he is off guard.

FLORENCE MARY KOTARSKY
80 Washington Street, Salem, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

Florence is one of the quiet members of Junior Drawing and Painting. Her time is well accounted for—by Jane. Florence made a boyish knave in Geber and proved her skill in catching apples, and serving boars' heads. Alas! what would we do for news from Salem, Beverly, and all points north, if it were not for Florence.

C. LUCILLE NICHOLS
88 Pond Street, Natick, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

Crash! Drip—drip! There goes another good bottle of Higgin's Waterproof. Between posing, making proofs of etchings, attending night school, and painting murals Lucille does manage to stop a second and tell one whether she gets best results with a 379 or a 6492 pen. Do men bother her? We guess not—why she delights in going down to the Navy yard to sketch.

DORIS MARY ROWLE
Chicopee Row, Groton, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

Horses! Horses! Doris would ride horseback in a raging thunderstorm—if the horse were willing. She is a great lover of nature and outdoor life, but that only stimulates her love for poetry. She knows books and people and we hope she will be successful when she combines her knowledge of the two in writing and illustrating.

EVERETT LESLIE DURGIN
7 Graves Avenue, Lynn, Mass.
Drawing and Painting Course

President (2)
Advisory Board (3)
Scenic Designer of Mascart Theatre
Year Book

A tall, good looking, curly-headed Junior who is modern through and through. "Ev" endures much criticism and joking about his interest in modernism. Yet he knows what he is after, and if hard work will gain his ends, they will be "Ev's" before long. His love of Art is no greater than the love of the sea, and his fingers are itching now to launch his sail-boat on the North Shore.

'30

NATALINE TERRY
Warren, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

Nat—an adorable child who eats Eskimo pies in her rest periods. Nat—a young sophisticate making us wince at her subtle charming capricious humor.

ROBERT PHILIP AMENDOLA
New Hampshire Ave., Natick, Mass.
MODELING

Bob's only mode of expression is not a modeling stick. He can play his violin beautifully. Everyone goes to assembly if he is on the program. Quiet, but sympathetic, and full of fun Bob has friends everywhere.

CYRIL O'HEARN
11 Woodridge St., Cambridge, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING

Cy's gentle manner and radical sense of humor sends us far from the real person. His outward actions are often misunderstood and his sensitive nature makes his real self even more elusive. He does "nice ones" for Mr. Major, but the race course and aviation have a great attraction for him.

GERTRUDE MARY LYNCH
43 Claybourne St., Dorchester, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

Modern, on the spot, fragile, full of spice and other things nice. And how she knows Park Street.

JANICE BECKWITH ROBINSON
885 Mass. Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

Sweet, quiet, reserved, still everyone seems to know Jan and be happier because of the acquaintance. "Isn't that adorable?" Isn't she?

STEPHEN PETER YOCOBOWSKI
205 Washington St., Cambridge
MODELING

There are many genii, but one Maestro. Beneath his veneer of facetious suavity few have penetrated, though perhaps many have delved. Yet concealed by the unassuming front which this man displays, even to his intimates, there is a force which cannot be denied. What a revelation if his classmates could understand him as only he understands himself.

'30

SOLOMON LEVENSON
Danvers

Drawing and Painting Course

"Saul" is a six foot two boy of the class. He lives to paint and works Saturdays in the Danvers A & P store. As for walking—why he misses the 5:19 regularly, so that he can walk the seven miles home from Salem. Saul could set the style for paint boxes. Have you seen his?

ANNIE MAE MURPHY
17 Canada Street, Lowell, Mass.

Teacher Training

We sometimes feel that Annie is very reserved and unemotional, although her history papers prove the opposite. She reads a great deal, and prefers a quiet life to one of jazz, movies, and what-have-you?

GLADYS MARIE ANDERSON
128 Sheridan Avenue, Medford, Mass.

Teacher Training

A charming brunette who helps in the printing room when Juniors are rushed with work. She escorts Eleise and Betty around and looks after their welfare. "Andy" is popular with her colleagues—and any who come to know her well.

NATALINE HALE
224 Aspinwall Ave., Brookline, Mass.

Costume Design

"Don't sell the old homestead, give it away." A whole book would not adequately describe Nat. She is unusual, vivacious, and modern. She revels in "clog" dances, reads the most fashionable literature, and has a weakness for Spanish fraternities, picnics, and Harvard Law men.

DAVID HOFF

Special

"The startled faun" of the Junior Drawing and Painting class. What would we do without our beloved "Basso Contralto" who serenades us during the rest periods. Dave upheld the honors of the class in "Geber", when he performed with the skill of a Chicago Opera Singer.

HAROLD CARLSEN

Special

"Sol" calls "Bus" the strongest man in school. He likes gym and sports. A big silent he-man from the open spaces who won't dance.

In Memoriam

DOROTHY M. CURRIE

1928

officers

CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE

JOHN PHELPS	HELEN CASEY	ROGER WOLCOTT
Treasurer	*Secretary*	*President*

AS Freshmen we were led to believe that Sophomores were "such a nondescript class." But when we returned to M. S. A. we soon discovered that the change of title did not affect us to any drastic degree—certainly we were just as interesting as when we were Freshmen, and if we had lost that bright spot in the limelight, we had acquired a comfortable feeling of security and a sense that now we really belonged. It seems that our place had been usurped by an eager and attractive group of youngsters, and it was our duty to make them feel as uncomfortable as possible during the week of so called hazing; however they certainly took it in a sporting way.

Enough of this—we return to the all-important sophomore class. After our first year of excitement filled with receptions, faculty teas, dances, and our never to be forgotten smock day, we decided to set our nose to the grindstone, consequently, our social activities were sadly neglected. Our one outstanding event was the dance held at the Mayflower Hotel where even the high and mighty Juniors seemed to enjoy themselves. So that on the whole "we care not what others may think" we've enjoyed being Sophomores.

MARION GRANVILLE WHITCOMB.

'31

SOPHOMORE ENROLLMENT

'31

Arabia, Robert	225 East St., Dedham
Bradley, Edmund	19 Leyland St., Dorchester
Campbell, Mary	16 Graylock Ave., Taunton
Cannata, Margaret	33 Fairmount St., Dorchester
Clark, Fred	318 Summer St., West Somerville
Connell, Grace	19 Upland Rd., Brighton
Deshon, Eleanor	1905 Centre St., West Roxbury
Elliot, Lillian	41 Glenwood Rd., Somerville
Finney, Lorraine	242 Beaver St., North Adams
Gulishek, Mildred	491 Huntington Ave., Boston
Hagan, Esther	29 Hartford St., Dorchester
Harlow, Emily	54 Commercial St., Worcester
Hartshorn, Margaret	52 Central Ave., Needham
Hendricken, John	102 Myrtle St., Brockton
Kingsley, Hazel	21 Moreley St., Roxbury
Landry, Viola	59 Rangeley Rd., West Newton
Leek, Etta	14 Cushing Rd., Dorchester
Leib, Anna	325 Main St., Medford
Lumbert, Anna	West Falmouth
Mack, Raymond	33 Elm Avenue, Fairhaven
Mackenzie, Louise	143 Dudley St., Roxbury
Mahoney, Helen	4 Wakullah St., Roxbury
Mahoney, Josephine	71 Bellevue St., Dorchester
Maloney, Anna	789 Boylston St., Brookline
McNamara, Margaret	39 Warren St., Melrose Highlands
Minucci, Marie	125 Salem St., Boston
Nathanson, Freda	274 Brookline St., Cambridge
Oliver, Armatage	170 State St., Newburyport
Page, Muriel	126 Coleridge St., East Boston
Rose, David	202 Chestnut St., Chelsea
Silverman, Allan	16 Strathcona Rd., Dorchester
Stone, Ralph	161 Lothrop St., Beverly
Totman, Alice Mrs. Karl M. Hawk	Leyden Rd., Greenfield
Whitmore, Emma	77 Cherry St., Holyoke
Wolcott, Roger	13 Spring St., Amherst
Perkins, Ellen	121 Union St., Franklin
Redmond, Frances	2062 Washington Ave., Woodfords, Maine
Rosatto, Victoria	63 Bradstreet Ave., Lowell
Scott, Edith	Wood St., Lexington
Sherburne, Elizabeth	37 Congress St., Milford
Smith, Florence	97 Chelsea St., East Boston
Stinson, Kenneth	135 Neponset Ave., Dorchester
Tucker, Fry	28 Oak St., Middleboro
Tullgren, Lillian	1200 Commonwealth Ave., Allston
Turner, Marie	11 Jackson St., Salem
Tuttle, Gertrude	10 Sheever St., Milton
Whitcomb, Marion	38 Allston St., Allston
White, Preston	South Middleton
Aughtie, Phyllis	95 Mt. Vernon Ave., Melrose
Becker, Marjorie	35 Forrester St., Newburyport
Berry, Kenneth	160 Belmont Ave., Springfield
Birch, Madeleine	52 Trowbridge St., Cambridge
Bissell, Marjorie	230 Pleasant St., Winthrop
Brown, Alvin	22 Rockport St., Rockport
Deane, Rose	71 Linden St., Everett
Harper, Jean	9 Cushing St., Wollaston
Jackson, Helen Jane	40 Orchard St., Jamaica Plain
Jones, Olive	263 Randolph St., North Abington
Kennan, Althea	Nobscot
Lane, Lurena	118 High Rock St., Lynn
Lent, Harlow	43 Clearway St., Boston
Lord, Parker	1646 Commercial St., East Weymouth
MacFarland, Anna	756 South St., Bridgewater
Phelps, John	Bernardston
Quinn, Paul	Scituate Ave., Scituate
Povey, Ida	284 Boston Ave., Medford
Russell, Ruth	Arlington St., Lynnfield
Saila, Irma	26 Nutting St., Fitchburg
Sargent, Bessie	65 Holis St., South Weymouth
Starbird, Pearl	9 Monadnock St., Boston
Stockley, Frances	County Rd., Brookline
Wing, Elizabeth	15 Magnolia Ave., Newton
Ardrey, Blanche	52 Shawmut St., Mansfield
Ashton, Orcutt	11 Warren St., Salem
Badger, Frances	7 Intervale Rd., Nahant
Beardsley, Ruth	201 Bellevue St., Boston
Burbeck, Lucia	280 North Ave., North Abington
Burdett, Ruth	13 Clairemount St., East Braintree
Casey, Helen	10 Vassar St., Worcester
Churchill, Helen	35 Guild Rd., Worcester
Cooper, Ruth	663 South Bridge St., Worcester
Curtis, Howard	180 Washington St., Gloucester
Dunlap, Virginia	92 Dennison Ave., Framingham
Felsch, Lydia	133 Bradley St., Hyde Park
Fowle, Sawyer	506 La Grange St., West Roxbury
French, Virginia	94 Porter St., Melrose
Grady, Catherine	89 Governor's Ave., Medford
Heller, Miriam	32 Halifax St., Jamaica Plain
Hopkinson, Hilda	135 Woodland St., Lawrence
Krutzman, Lillian	134 Orange St., Chelsea
Miller, Dorothy	92 St. James Ave., Chicopee Falls
Nazar, Satenig	330 Arlington St., Watertown
Nooney, Doris	190 Hillside Ave., Arlington Heights
Pearson, Eric	12 Baltimore St., Lynn
Peck, Louise	299 Cabot St., Beverly

officers

CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY-TWO

Mario Capone	Kathryn Howard	Margaret Hall	Walter Johnson
President	*Vice-President*	*Secretary*	*Treasurer*

To you all, Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores, the class of '32 says, Hail! We're more than glad of the privilege of being schoolmates with you. From you we have learned what joy there is in Art, what a thrill in achievement! We know that you are passing responsibilities to us, and we are proud to accept them. When that moment for which we are always preparing—that moment when your work at M. S. A. is done—then may all of us, now Freshmen, prove worthy to uphold the standards of industry, loyalty, and friendliness which you, as upper classmen, have carried on before us. All of our deeds, we promise, shall be for the glory of M. S. A. and never shall our banners fall.

We wish you all great success in your chosen work. May none of us ever forget M. S. A. or the ungrudging kindness of our instructors. For a year or two we travel the same road; and, as we labor on, let us make the journey a pleasant one for all, and a profitable one for M. S. A. and the world.

MARION W. RUSS,

'32

FRESHMAN ENROLLMENT

'32

Adams, Barbara T.	60 Hillsdale Rd., Medford
Adler, Edythe S.	8 Ransom Rd., Brighton
Allard, Marion L.	136 Wakefield St., Reading
Andrews, Clara B.	11 Page St., Danvers
Atwood, Alice L.	79 Maple Ave., Bridgewater
Babine, Dorothy M.	167 Ash St., Reading
Bieling, Doris M.	587 Birch St., Fall River
Black, Grace A.	22 Oak St., Reading
Blair, Helen E.	20 Birch Hill Rd., Newtonville
Brown, Daniel W.	42 Samoset St., Plymouth
Buckle, Lucia E.	1 Hillside Ave., Wakefield
Burgess, Esther I.	13 Beechwood Ave., Watertown
Burkart, Hazel	60 Belvidere St., Framingham
Call, Thaddeus F.	31 Commonwealth Ave., Gloucester
Carr, Sadie M.	165 Willow St., West Roxbury
Colier, Alice C.	Lowell, R.F.D. No. 3
Copans, Selma B.	111 Grant St., Lynn
Court, Dorothy W.	15 Century St., West Medford
Dinsmoor, Stanley P.	Post Office, Hanover
Driscoll, Joseph A.	173 Copeland St., Brockton
Drummond, Robert L.	17 Woodrow Ave., Medford
Duren, Lucy M.	Carlisle
Ehrlich, Helen	45 Lane Park, Brighton
Ellery, Richard V.	35 Cherry St., Danvers
Fenner, Clyde S.	482 Warren Ave., Brockton
Fletcher, Virginia G.	30 Gilbert St., West Newton
Glasgow, Allison	235 Lamartine St., Jamaica Plain
Goldberg, Dorothy E.	21 Aborn St., Peabody
Goldstein, Myer A.	368 Park St., Dorchester
Harris, Henry H.	114 Chelmsford St., Lowell
Howard, Kathryn E.	7 Sheridan St., Lawrence
Howland, Helen L.	123 So. Leyden St., Campello
Capone, Mario D.	1629 Parkway, Everett
Eaves, Jack DeF.	48 Woodlawn Ave., Chelsea
Grab, Athaleen G.	38 Atherton St., Roxbury
Grace, Jessica H.	134 Coleridge St., E. Boston
Groves, Alice G.	132 Commercial St., Adams
Halberstadt, Ernst S.	19 Wellington Rd., Boston
Hall, Laura D.	287 Central St., Saxonville
Hall, Margaret	Hospital Rd., Concord
Hall, Velma L.	148 Pleasant St., Winchendon
Haynes, Grace P.	8 Carlton St., Haverhill
Hill, Marion W.	Hillview Ave., Brookville
Hilliard, Catherine	6 Poplar Rd., Cambridge
Hindon, Andrew C.	15 Bailey St., Dorchester
Holmes, Lorraine	86 Grove St., Auburndale
Hughes, Josephine W.	22 Kenilworth St., Roxbury
Hunt, Lillian W.	9 Bufler Ave., Stoneham
Jacob, Jean I.	151 Cherry St., Lynn
Johnson, Charles K.	19 Olmstead St., Jamaica Plain
Johnson, Gladys L.	107 Chadwick St., Haverhill
Johnston, Walter F.	880 School St., Webster
Keeble, Juanita E.	18 Wescott St., Dorchester
Kennedy, Ruth E.	Dunstable
Knowles, Donald B.	616 Tremont St., Boston
Lamson, Janet F.	50 North St., Ludlow
Lew, Eleanor G.	35 Olive St., Springfield
Lewis, Dorothy A.	100 Green St., Melrose
Livingston, Mayre F.	153 Westford St., Lowell
Magriel, Mae E.	11 Medford St., Springfield
Mahoney, Henrietta C.	17 Stevens Court, Lynn
Manoogian, Hasmig M.	2 Chestnut St., Everett
McCrillis, Barbara M.	11 Hobson St., Methuen
McMahon, Eileen P.	183 East Central St., Franklin
Menard, Omer A.	17 Holbrook St., North Adams
Metcalf, Esther	7 Haley St., Roxbury
Greeley, Paul G.	31 Linden St., Waltham
McMurty, Arthur W.	321 Pearl St., Cambridge
Mercuri, Virginia M.	71 Howard St., Lawrence
Meyer, Susan F.	108 Greenwood Lane, Waltham
Midman, Sam A.	11 Cherry St., Roxbury
Mountain, Pauline E.	69 Woodside Rd., Winchester
Murphy, Dorothy K.	23 Beltram St., Lowell
Page, Dorothy B.	22 Adams Ave., Everett
Rackette, Stella M.	1 Highland Rd., Dorchester
Reppucci, Michael Jean	98 Paris St., East Boston
Reynolds, Margurite	6 Rawson Rd., Arlington
Rodenbush, Margaret	338 Bay State Rd., Boston
Russ, Marion W.	1 Clarina St., Wakefield
Ryan, Ruth T.	4 Pearl St., Ayer
Ryzewski, Mary H.	1427 Commonwealth Ave., Apt. 21, Brighton
Sawter, Helene L.	182 Linden St., Everett
Shelton, Gretchen A.	2 St. John St., Jamaica Plain
Smith, Elizabeth A.	65 Greenwood Ave., Greenwood
Smith, Nellie G.	1 Melrose Ave., Adams
Stewart, Mary K.	Cook St., Boylston
Striesfield, Lillian R.	35 Observatory Ave., Haverhill
Szydlowski, Victoria A.	215 Hancock St., Dorchester
Taylor, Margurite J.	35 Amaranth Ave., Medford
Underhill, Ruth E.	50 Trapelo Rd., Waltham
Ware, Lucile G.	11 Linden St., Reading
West, Russell W.	91 Kimball St., Bradford
Whitmore, Gladys E.	77 Cherry St., Holyoke
Wight, Ruth H.	48 Walnut St., Milton
Wolfson, Florence	108 Maple St., Roxbury
Woodborough, Aline	66 Monmouth St., Springfield
Yonkers, Martha	23 Brinsley St., Dorchester
Young, Ruth C.	41 Washington St., Leominster

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1928-1929

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Vice-President

Rachel Clapp
Secretary

Margery Soderlund
President

Kenneth Barton
Treasurer

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Editor-in-Chief, Year Book

Gordon Reynolds
Pres. Junior Class

Roger Wolcott
Pres. Sophomore Class

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Vice-Pres., Student Assoc.

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Secretary, Student Assoc.

Marjorie Soderlund
Pres., Student Assoc.

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Treas., Student Assoc.

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Dorothy Hunter
Junior Ed.

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Freshman Ed.

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Photograph Ed.

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Associate Ed.

Rose Veselak
Asso. Literary Ed.

Marion Whitcomb
Sophomore Ed.

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Sophomore Editor

Dorothy Hunter
Junior Editor

Nellie Smith

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Editor

Lora Gifford

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of

Class 1929

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of

Class 1930

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of

Class 1931

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of

Class 1932